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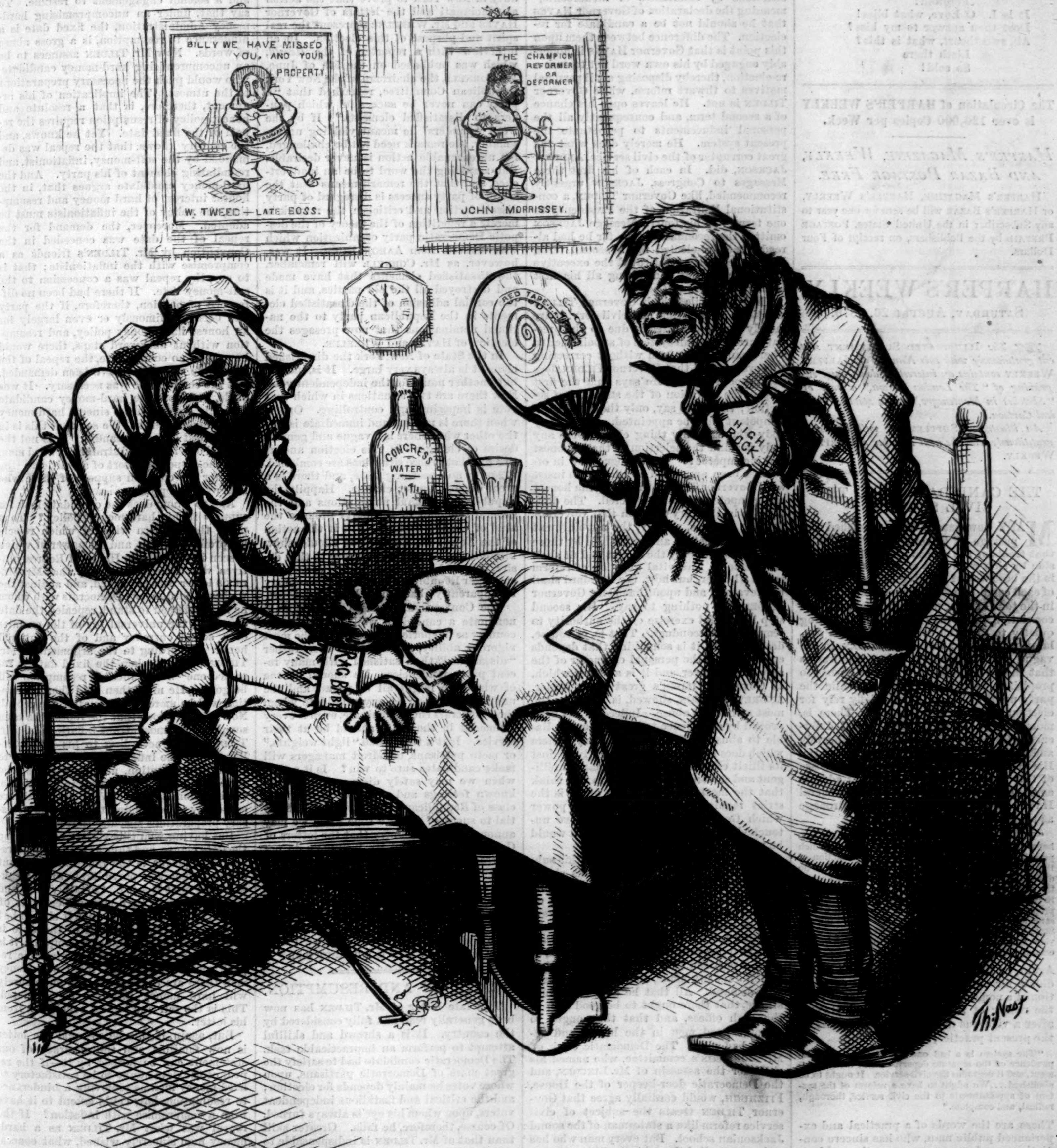
BILLY WE HAVE MISSED YOU, AND YOUR PROPERTY
TAMMANY
W. TWEED — LATE BOSS.
THE CHAMPION REFORMER OR DEFORMER
JOHN MORRISSEY.
RED TAPE R.R.
CONGRESS WATER
HIGH ROCK
RAG BABY
Th: Nast

A HARD SUMMER FOR THE SOFT RAG BABY.

MR. TILDEN. "Now don't wake it, dear; the second bottle did it."
MRS. TILDEN. "You are a wonderful Nurse, darling. See! the Angels are whispering to it."

WHAT THE BULLET SANG.

By BRET HARTE.

O joy of creation,
To be!
O rapture to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my Love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space,
All my own!

It is he—O my Love!
So bold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!
It is I. O Love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
Ah, sweetheart, what is this?
Lieth there
So cold!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 26, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an interesting double-page engraving of "The London Season," a page of "Sketches in Montenegro," and a spirited Political Cartoon.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE CANDIDATES AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Many newspapers have published the passage of Governor Hayes's letter that treats of the reform of the civil service side by side with that of Mr. Tilden's. It is the best way of showing the real position of each candidate. Governor Hayes speaks in the tone of clear perception and profound conviction, like a man of courage expecting quietly to face the contest which his declaration invokes; Governor Tilden, in the vague and evasive tone of one who knows that the public opinion which he wishes to propitiate demands the reform, while the party upon which he must chiefly rely for election despises and flouts it. There is, moreover, an essential and radical difference. Governor Hayes believes sincerely and has long believed in civil service reform. His views are not assumed for the purposes of this canvass. In his inaugural address as Governor of Ohio, in July, 1870, General Hayes said, alluding to partisan patronage as the basis of the civil service:

> "The evils of this system in State affairs are perhaps of small moment compared with those which prevail under the same system in the transaction of the business of the national government. But at no distant day they are likely to become serious even in the administration of State affairs....A radical reform in the civil service of the general government has been proposed....The introduction of this reform will be attended with some difficulties. But in revising our State Constitution, if this object is kept constantly in view, there is little reason to doubt that it can be successfully accomplished."

Again, in 1872, in a public speech as a candidate for Congress, with no more expectation of a nomination for the Presidency than the reader of these lines, General Hayes, after a vigorous description of the evils of the present practice, said:

> "The system is a bad one. It destroys the independence of the separate departments of the government, and it degrades the civil service. It ought to be abolished....We ought to have a reform of the system of appointments to the civil service, thorough, radical, and complete."

These are the words of a practical and experienced public man, who has sincere convictions and purposes upon the subject. Governor Tilden, so far as has ever appeared, has no opinions or convictions upon it whatever, except that public officers should not be thieves and knaves. He has grown old in the school of "the spoils." He has never to our knowledge said a word in favor of a reform of the spoils system, or of a non-partisan service, which is the substance of reform, and in his official acts he has conformed strictly to the practice which it is the object of a thorough reform to destroy. He would undoubtedly have honest men in office, but that is not a reform of the civil service system.

In his letter of acceptance Governor Tilden says that there are two evils in our civil service: one is the prevalent idea that it exists, not for the benefit of the people, but for that of the office-holders; and the other, the organization of the office-holding class into a band of political mercenaries. The first step in reform he states to be the elevation of the standard of selection, and the second a conscientious exercise of the power of removal. After these we may abolish unnecessary offices, and then proceed to careful organization of a better system. But no reform will be complete until the President is disqualified for re-election. Governor Tilden sneers at "self-imposed restrictions by candidates or incumbents," meaning the declaration of Governor Hayes that he should not be a candidate for reelection. The difference between them upon this point is that Governor Hayes is honorably engaged by his own word not to seek a re-election, thereby disposing of all personal motives to thwart reform, while Governor Tilden is not. He leaves open his chance of a second term, and consequently all the personal inducements to perpetuate the present system. He merely does what the great corrupter of the civil service, Andrew Jackson, did. In each of his first three Messages to Congress, Jackson urgently recommended, like Governor Tilden, a constitutional limitation of the Presidency to one term. In his fourth Message Jackson omitted the recommendation, for he had already been re-elected for a second term, having zealously prostituted the executive patronage to that end during all his first term.

The two evils which Governor Tilden mentions as infesting our civil service are merely symptoms directly due to the present purely partisan system of appointments. There can be no reform without correcting this system, and that Governor Tilden does not propose to do. He says that the first step is the elevation of the standard of selection; that is to say, only the honest and competent must be appointed. Is there any body who says any thing else? Does any body demand the selection of the dishonest and incompetent? Every rogue now in office has been appointed by those who insist with Governor Tilden that only the honest and competent shall be selected. The difficulty is in the very position that Governor Tilden assumes, namely, the appointment of the incompetent and unfaithful by those who insist that only the honest and fit shall be selected. The vital question of reform is not whether, but how, the standard shall be elevated; and upon that point Governor Tilden has nothing to say. His second step is faithful exercise of the authority to remove for misconduct. That is, of course, desirable, but it is something that depends entirely upon the personal character of the appointing officer, and it is a power which, as Governor Tilden's great party leader, Andrew Jackson, showed, is liable to the most monstrous abuse. Indeed, it has been proved by experience to be a power too liable to abuse to be tolerated in any system which does not guard most carefully against its illicit exercise. There are many intelligent and sincere friends of reform who think that the most important step of all is the strict regulation of the arbitrary power which Governor Tilden would leave untouched, with a prayerful hope that it would be properly exercised.

Governor Tilden's treatment of this subject by its evasions and omissions shows conclusively, to our apprehension, that he is not himself in favor of a real reform of the system, and that he is perfectly aware that he would be dropped by his party if he declared for it. There is nothing in what he says to prevent, in case of his election, as clean a partisan sweep of the offices as that which Jackson made, and which his party will demand. All that he says is, in substance, that there ought to be good men in the high offices, and that they ought to appoint good men in the lower, and remove bad men. The Democratic clerk of Mr. Morrison's committee, who named his child for the assassin of Mr. Lincoln, and the Democratic door-keeper of the House, Fitzhugh, would cordially agree that Governor Tilden treats the subject of civil service reform like a statesman of the sound Jacksonian school. But every man who has seriously studied the subject will see at once that he has dextrously trifled with one of the gravest questions of the time. And again the sincere words of Governor Hayes upon the subject ring out in manly and inspiring contrast. Governor Hayes knows that among his supporters there is a powerful and swiftly increasing body that demands reform upon the principles he proclaims. Governor Tilden knows no such body among his supporters, and he therefore carefully announces no principles whatever. He knows, as every intelligent man in the country knows, that with his partisans "reform of the civil service" means turning out Republicans and turning in Democrats; and that is the "administrative reform" to which a Tilden Administration would introduce us.

REPUBLICAN POLICY IN NEW YORK.

The Republicans of New York will not forget that their brethren in other States are looking toward them with peculiar interest. The action of the State Convention is awaited with intense expectation, for it is believed that we in New York understand this State to be the battle-ground, and that the condition of success is clear. It is our duty in New York to prove that the action at Cincinnati and the letters of Governor Hayes and Mr. Wheeler represent the real spirit and purpose of this election. In an interview with a reporter of the *Herald*, which was published on the 5th of June, Mr. Cornell, the chairman of the New York Republican Committee, remarked that "a party can never be successful which panders to dissatisfied elements." If by the word "panders" he meant yielding unreasonably, the remark need not be challenged, for unreasonable action is never desirable. But assuming the word to be an inadvertence, and that the remark means that the secret of party success is disregard of party dissatisfaction and criticism, the remark is merely a repetition of the theory of the despotic Democratic party organization which was derived from Aaron Burr. It was, however, as Mr. Cornell will remember, the dissatisfied elements that have made and destroyed all the old parties, and it is the cordial adhesion of the dissatisfied elements in the Republican party to the national nominations that now presages the election of Hayes and Wheeler.

In the State of New York the dissatisfied element is always very large. It is, indeed, but another name for the independent vote. Now there are two situations in which that vote is imposing and controlling. One is when there is no vast and immediate issue; the other when there is a vague and general desire of change. In this election and at this time both those situations are combined. There is no absorbing issue, and there is a great disposition for change. Happily the Republican national nominations and the general tendency of the party promise the kind of change desired. But if the action of the New York Convention should show blindness or defiant indifference to that desire, it would be treason to the cause, and endanger Republican success in the country by apparently abandoning New York.

The Convention, it seems to us, should nominate a candidate well known to the country as of spotless character, of the most vigorous ability, and who has been rather "dissatisfied" than satisfied with many recent party tendencies. He should be one of whom we might all be proud, and the unquestioned peer of any candidate whom the Democrats could nominate, even if every Democrat in the State should be at their service. Is it a time when "light weights," or mere partisans, or adroit managers will make candidates sure to win? Is it a time when we may safely disregard the well-known feelings and purposes of the best class of Republicans, whose votes are essential to success? Is it a time when we may announce to the country that the letters of Governor Hayes and Mr. Wheeler do not represent the principles or the policy of New York Republicans? It certainly is not, and such we believe to be the Republican conviction of the State. If that conviction is justly represented at Saratoga, it will designate some such candidate as we have indicated, and "with him we'll beat little Van, Van: Van is a used-up man!"

MR. TILDEN AND RESUMPTION.

The late letter of Mr. Tilden has now been generally read and fully considered by the country. It is a shrewd and skillful attempt to perform an impracticable task. The Democratic candidate had to satisfy the great mass of Democratic partisans, upon whose votes he mainly depends for election; and the critical and fastidious independent voters, upon whom his eye is always turned. Of course, therefore, he fails. Greater skill than that of Mr. Tilden is indispensable to satisfy by the same words rank inflationists and uncompromising resumptionists, those who really desire a reform in the civil service and those who are greedy for the spoils. The letter is very much too long and intricate, for the general public will not follow nor understand his financial statements, although much that he says upon the subject will command the assent of men of all parties who have sound views of the currency. But it is in the parts of the letter that treat of the repeal of the pledge of resumption that the sheer partisanship and want of candor appear which have been so often remarked in Mr. Tilden's treatment of important questions.

His argument is that, without due preparation made for resumption, the pledge to resume on a certain day is what he calls a "sham," and that even when preparations have been matured, the exact date must be determined by circumstances at the time. But not only does the bill itself provide for a system of preparation, but other methods have been indicated by which resumption would be made easily practicable by the date fixed in the bill. It will not be denied that, with a sincere and inflexible hard-money purpose, the bill could readily be supplemented by adequate legislation, while the date would remain as both a stimulus and a solemn engagement to resume. To say that, under an uncompromising hard-money Administration, the fixed date is a hinderance to resumption, is a gross abuse of words. Now Mr. Tilden assumes to be an uncompromising hard-money candidate, who would push the necessary preparations to the utmost. The implication of his argument, therefore, is that a resolute and honest policy of resumption requires the repeal of the fixed date. Yet he knows, and the country knows, that the repeal was demanded by the soft-money, inflationist, and repudiating element of his party. And the hard-money candidate argues that, in the honest interest of hard money and resumption, the policy of the inflationists must be adopted. Moreover, the demand for the repeal of the date was conceded in the Convention by Mr. Tilden's friends as a compromise with the inflationists; that is to say, the repeal was a concession to the soft-money vote. If there had been no difference of opinion, therefore, if the party had been unanimously or even largely for an honest hard-money policy, and resumption without backward steps, there would have been no compromise, the repeal of the fixed date would not have been demanded. But the compromise was necessary. It was made, and now the hard-money candidate virtually asserts that a sincere hard-money policy demanded it. We say that this is in the highest degree uncandid. It is not the method of a frank and straightforward man. It is the desperate resort of a politician who bids for the common support of those who hold exactly opposite views.

And to whom does the candidate look for support in his hard-money policy? To a party the Western wing of which rejects his professed views, and the power of which is seen in the present House of Representatives, which on the very day that Mr. Tilden's letter was published, and against the wishes of hard-money Democrats with whom he has professed to stand, repealed the date clause, to the universal joy of the enemies of a sound currency and of the national honor. According to the argument of Mr. Tilden's letter, when the fixed date is repealed one "hinderance" to resumption will be gone. He must then hold that resumption will be more probable after the repeal. Now it is notorious that the repeal has been sought by the most arrant inflationists. Mr. Tilden, then, according to his letter, believes that the inflationists are anxious to promote resumption, and that those who have just carried the repeal in the House, the inflationists of the West and South, are especially to be trusted to make the necessary preparations speedily to resume.

But having won this victory of repealing the date clause, and thus having demonstrated their power, is the inflation sentiment of the Democratic party likely to be weaker in the next House? Certainly not; and why should any hard-money Democrat of Mr. Tilden's kind desire that it should be? If, as he argues, the repeal of the date is desirable in the interest of resumption, it is the inflationists who have carried the repeal, and therefore the more soft-money men there are in Congress, the more surely will hard-money interests be promoted. This is the fair and logical conclusion from his letter.

But, again, if this be so—and the letter is now familiar, and the accuracy of our statement can be judged by it—if the repeal of the date ought to be satisfactory to hard-money men as removing a hinderance to resumption, how could assent to it have been a compromise with inflation? If the repeal was what Mr. Tilden as a hard-money man sincerely wished, what concession did he make in agreeing to it? If he made no concession, there was no compromise. If there was a compromise, he yielded something of his hard-money position. But if he did that, why does he assume in his letter to approve the repeal, not as a compromise, but as a good in itself? Once more he denounces a fixed date without preparation to resume as a snare and a delusion. But as the bill provides means of resumption, why not propose to make them effective instead of repealing the date? Or if those means are, in his judgment, ineffectual, why did not his St. Louis agents agree to General EWING'S proposal to repeal the whole act? The TILDEN objection to that was that such a demand would lose the whole Eastern hard-money Democratic vote. But that could be only because that vote believed the bill needed only to be made effectual. If, however, it were made effectual by a steady system of preparation, does any sensible person really think that the fixed date could be so mischievous?

This part of Mr. TILDEN'S letter, which is much the most elaborate, seems to us uncandid, both because it conceals the fact that the repeal of the fixed date was a compromise with the inflationists, and because it assumes that those who demanded the repeal did so because it was a hinderance to resumption. This part of the letter is really a pretense that there is no difference of opinion upon the subject in Mr. TILDEN'S party. But simultaneously with the appearance of the letter, the Democratic inflationists, as we have seen, triumphed in the House, and it is notorious that it was a triumph over the hard-money element of the party, in which Mr. TILDEN has been included. Compared with the simple, manly, unsophisticated, and unsophisticating tone of Governor HAYES in his speeches in the Ohio campaign last year and in his letter of acceptance, Mr. TILDEN'S efforts to reconcile the irreconcilable are painful and futile. Like his party association with TWEED, it is the hard necesssity of his political position.

"THE MACHINE."

IT is urged in some quarters that it is foolish to complain of what is called the political machine, and the reason given is that in politics there must be organization and method, and that nothing can be more undesirable than to bring this necessity into contempt. The argument is, that if results are to be produced, if good men are to be nominated and good measures adopted, there must be concert and co-operation and mutual understanding. In a great State like New York, for instance, if a party would succeed, it must have a central authority which is in constant communication with every part of the State, and to this end men interested in politics and seeking the same objects must know each other. It is desirable that such men should know their neighbors and have experience in politics, that there may be unity of action. This, it is contended, is all that is meant by "the machine." It is a body of co-operating trained politicians, or men who are devoted practically as well as theoretically to public affairs.

But do those who say this suppose that if "the machine" meant no more than this there would be so general and determined an opposition to it among the most intelligent and most truly practical of politicians? There are, indeed, mere critics and grumblers and theorists in politics, whose objections always lack the force of actual knowledge. But because there are such, it is absurd to assert that all the opponents of "the machine" are impracticable visionaries. Education, intellectual training, moral conviction, unselfish interest in public affairs, are probably as practically useful in the conduct of government as utter skepticism, ignorance, and mercenary selfishness. These latter qualities do not make practical men and politicians, although a great many people think so. The statesmen of the Revolution and of the earliest constitutional epoch in this country were the most highly educated and honorable gentlemen of the time. They belonged to the class which the ward politicians of to-day sneer at as ruffle-shirted and silk-stockinged. But those who think that the ward politicians whom we know are more practical and sagacious than the men who secured our independence and formed our government are ridiculously mistaken.

In the State of New York, from the time of AARON BURR, the party machine has meant much more than party organization. It means all that is understood by a ring, and it is defended now just as the TWEED Ring was defended in Tammany Hall by an orator who gayly confessed that there was a ring, but who insisted that all government was necessarily carried on by rings, that is, by organization and mutual understanding. "The machine" is a system which may be considered with entire impersonality, and it is with no personal hostility that a vast mass of Republicans and the whole independent vote of the State are now openly arrayed against "the machine" and its managers. "The machine" rests upon patronage. It is a kind of freemasonry of office-holders, in which a few superiors dictate and enforce obedience by the terror and the authority of removal. Its springs, therefore, are mercenary interest and the lust and pride of power. It fills the civil service with its agents, and thus founds an aristocracy or oligarchy, which offers the voter only such candidates as it chooses. Inevitably, therefore, "the machine" has become a system of methods which involve corruption and coercion. It controls caucuses, and consequently Conventions, not by legitimate, but illegitimate means, not by fair argument and influence, but by bribery. It is a system which easily gives venal men and selfish schemers power, and makes those whom no intelligent party would choose as leaders the directors of party action. Undoubtedly, also, it sophisticates and demoralizes those who owe to it all their importance. It becomes confounded in the general estimation with the party, and makes the possession and distribution of patronage the chief purpose of party action. At last the time has come when the necessary consequences of the system are plainly seen. The best part of the Republican party and many Democrats are in open insurrection against it, and the election of Governor HAYES will go far to break it down.

While there are parties there will be party organization and system. But while there are parties their best members will always understand their nature and tendencies, and constantly strive to withstand them. To defend "the machine" as it is known to us to-day, a mere selfish and mercenary despotism, under the plea that organization is necessary, is to trifle not only with words, but with the welfare of the country. To sneer at education, a high sense of moral honor, strong convictions, and disinterested patriotism as impracticable and undesirable in the conduct of politics, is to do the dirtiest work of the worst enemies of a free popular government.

A POWERFUL REPUBLICAN ALLY.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* is one of the leading journals that warmly supported Mr. GREELEY in 1872. It is, in the best sense, independent, and it is not surprising, therefore, that when the choice plainly lies between the Republican and Democratic parties, it should prefer the Republican as the more promising agency of reform. In an admirable article the *Commercial* states its reasons for the position it takes in this campaign, and they are so clearly and cogently presented that they can not fail to have a very great influence. There has been no sharper critic of Republican errors than the *Commercial*, and its present position is thoroughly patriotic, and not partisan. It had hoped for a break-up of both parties and a new organization of the best elements of each. But it finds that to be impracticable at present, and it can not gravely regard the Democratic party as an agent of reform. It saw nothing in that party when lately in power in Ohio, nor has it seen any thing in the Democratic action in the House of Representatives or elsewhere, which has the flavor of reform. It recognizes Mr. TILDEN'S "indispensable service" in TWEED'S trial, and in "checking the robbery of the people of New York by the Canal Ring." It says, however:

> "We have not been able to free ourselves of the apprehension that there was something spectacular in the reformations that he conducted, and that there might possibly be a resemblance to quackery in his professions as a reformer. He did not seem, like BRISTOW, to have become a reformer because he had a hatred of evil-doers and a contempt for rascally intrigues, but rather because the attitude of reform was the popular thing."

As for his railroad record:

> "While we have no doubt he has been careful to do nothing lawless, he has been a schemer and tactician, and we fear one loses in conducting these affairs a fine sense of popular rights and official propriety. We therefore feel obliged to discount in some degree the reform element in Mr. TILDEN'S candidacy. There is rather too much protest and profession in proportion to the performance; and we fear that Mr. TILDEN'S weakness would be precisely in the direction from which we apprehend the greatest danger, that of unseemly expenditure in the Southern section of the country—the section that will continue to bear rule in his party."

The *Commercial's* view of the "solid South" is well worthy the attention of every honest and patriotic voter:

> "Of course we must recognize the solid South as the core of the Democratic party, its seat of power, and the source of its activities and aspirations. The pretense of subordination of the Southern to the Northern wing of the party that appeared at St. Louis was a false pretense. The solid South is the Southern Confederacy seeking domination of the United States through the machinery of the Democratic party and by peaceable means. We do not mean this in the sense that the Southern Democrats are to be considered traitors. We do not suppose that there is any thought of a new rebellion, or of the restoration of slavery—that the beaten soldiers of the lost cause propose to lift up their old battle flags. The demand the solid South makes upon the nation is for money....Give the solid South a year in full possession of the government, under the name of TILDEN and reform, and there would be from that section such a flood of claims and jobs as never was heard of in any quarter in the worst days of Grantism; and we do not believe TILDEN would have the power, if he had the will, to resist the passionate urgency from the South for money."

Of Governor HAYES and his character and candidacy the *Commercial* says:

> "He is fairly before the people as the representative of the better part of his party. We know the man well. He is in the habit of meaning what he says. He means what he says, in his letter of acceptance, about civil service reform. He understands the cutting and comprehensive language used in that letter, and proposes to shape his policy according to it. That is great gain to those who are looking for reform in that direction. We accept the expressions of that letter with grateful confidence. The other important point of the letter, outside of the money question, is the reference to the South. That passage, which we are glad to see has been read with pleasure and, we trust, profit in the South, and which has called forth cordial acknowledgment in that section, ranks with the best utterances of our public men on the subject, and it is thoroughly HAYES himself....One of the first things he will do in the Presidential chair will be to assert himself—and we have faith that he will have a far greater sense of public responsibility than of private obligation. Then he has an amiable obstinacy that resists without fret or friction, and while his front will wear the placidity of peace rather than the wrinkled front of war, it will stand against a siege of jobbers like a wall of iron."

It is equally decided upon the financial position of the candidates:

> "Concerning the currency, it would be difficult to improve the position of HAYES, though we regret that the silver question had not been so introduced and discussed as to demand a definition of his personal views upon it; while TILDEN'S hard-money platform is spoiled by the demand for the repeal of the Resumption Act and association with HENDRICKS, the most cold-blooded and equivocating of our conspicuous politicians—a man who had no sympathy that was ever made known for the soldiers of the nation during the war, and who has done nothing in peace to redeem his State from the ridiculous and disastrous delusions of the paper-money plague, which, largely through his complacency, prevails there in the worst form."

The *Commercial* well says, in speaking of the remark that Governor TILDEN reveres "the old Constitution:"

> "We do not like the phrase. It is the Constitution as it is that we believe in; and the latest amendments are the parts that are of the greatest practical importance. The phrase 'old Constitution' smacks of the literature of the Democratic party, when they who expounded it in the interest of slavery claimed the right of secession if their authority as interpreters was disputed. After all, the best thing in the Republican platform is the declaration of the Nationality of the United States, and the best single thing in the letter of acceptance of the Presidential nomination by HAYES is that he spells Nation with a capital N. We hope always to keep step to the National airs."

We believe that the Cincinnati *Commercial*, like Mr. SCHURZ, speaks for the greater part of the truly independent sentiment of the country. It knows what can be truly said in favor of the chances of reform and good government under the Democratic party, and it sees in what the Republicans have failed. But it considers candidly the actual circumstances, the spirit and character of both parties, the comparative force of the reforming element in each of them, the situation of the country in relation to both, the comparative advantages for the work of reform which each candidate will have as President, and decides, as after a thorough canvass the country will decide, unequivocally for HAYES and WHEELER.

PERSONAL.

IN one of his late bright, gossipy letters from London to the New York *World*, Mr. JENNINGS says: "Some straggling Englishmen have returned from the Centennial. They speak very highly of the Exhibition and of the hospitality of Philadelphia, which is so well represented by my old friend Mr. CHILDS, of the *Ledger*. Any city is fortunate which has even one man in it who always opens his doors to the traveler, and sends him away delighted with his visit. Philadelphia, as I know, has more than one; but without disparagement to any body else, it may fairly be said that there is no one who does the honors of the city in so generous a manner as Mr. CHILDS. That, doubtless, represents only a very small part of the good he has done, but it is a part not likely to be forgotten by any one who has had the advantage of traveling in the United States."

—The sermons of Mr. MOODY have been translated into and printed in the Malagasy language, the vernacular of the people of Madagascar.

—The late Rear-Admiral BENIC, of the French navy, bequeathed his entire fortune of $100,000 to the National Life-boat Society of France.

—A gentleman of North Adams, Massachusetts, has received from the Rev. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, the historian, who is now lying dangerously ill in Fair Haven, Connecticut, two cards, one of which bears the words, "JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, daily expecting the arrival of the 'chariot of Israel' to take him to his heavenly home—July 14, 1876;" while the inscription on the other card reads, "Penciled on a sick and dying bed of great happiness."

—A Captain AHISTROM recently swam down the Danube from Vienna to Pesth without any apparatus, remaining in the water thirty-nine hours, and with scarcely any rest.

—The last number of the *Quarterly Review* is noticeable for the personal character of some of its articles. Lord HOUGHTON contributes one on the "Social Relations of England and America," in which he says much that is sensible and pleasant to Americans, and alludes especially to the growing taste of our people to trace back their family tree, even though, as SAXE says, it be "waxed at the other end." Another good article is on Mr. TICKNOR'S memoirs, by Mr. HAYWARD, the well-known anecdotist and diner-out. Mr. JENNINGS says it is curious what a jump the *Quarterly* has taken in popular favor during the last five or six years, since Dr. WILLIAM SMITH became the editor of it. Dr. SMITH has long been renowned for learning, and for that very reason people looked for rather heavy articles in the *Quarterly*—highly important but extremely uninteresting. Instead of spreading that sort of fare before the public, Dr. SMITH has given them a varied *menu*, in every way worthy of the table at which the repast has so long been spread, and yet sufficiently light and attractive to suit the altered taste of the times.

—Ex-President CASWELL, of Brown University, in addition to other accomplishments, is an expert as an observer of the weather. He writes to the Providence *Journal* that, with the exception of July, 1838, when the mean temperature was 75°, last month was the hottest July for forty-five years, the mean temperature being 74°. The coldest July in that period was in 1832, when the mean temperature was but 64.4°. He says the mean temperature of the late heated term, from June 24 to July 20, was 76.9°, and adds, "There are no twenty-eight consecutive days upon my list which give so high a record."

—Lord ROSEBERY has determined to abandon the turf, and devote his fine abilities and culture to something higher than the betting ring, though he never was much given to that. His stud will be sold at auction in London next October. Lord ROSEBERY is perhaps the most prominent of the younger noblemen of England, and has evinced a capacity for debate and public affairs that points him out for future eminence in British politics.

—Professor SEELYE, M.C., the new president of Amherst College, was born at Bethel, Connecticut, in 1824, graduated at Amherst College, studied theology at Auburn (New York) Theological Seminary, and also at the universities of Halle and Berlin, was ordained and installed pastor of the First Reformed Dutch Church at Schenectady, New York, in 1853, where he remained until 1858, when he accepted the professorship of moral philosophy in Amherst College, which he still held at the time of his election to the Forty-fourth Congress.

—Whatever may be thought by the "bears" in Wall Street, several foreign princes are putting their trust in lands, tenements, bonds, and stocks of different cities and corporations in the United States. Several of the most expensive buildings in Broadway are owned by the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE, who derives from them an annual rent of $62,000. The Duke of Nassau, one of the dispossessed German princes of 1866, was here in 1868. He had bills of exchange to the amount of $1,500,000. He purchased tenements in Allen Street that to-day are nominally owned by German lawyers or notaries public, and that yield him twelve per cent. on the capital invested. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, FREDERICK FRANCIS the Second, is the owner of lots and houses in Elm Street, and Queen VICTORIA owns considerable real estate in Broadway. It stands in the name of an Englishman. The King of Sweden owns $500,000 worth of real estate in New York, and the Grand Duke ALEXIS owns a hotel in Broadway. King BOMBA bought six houses in Greenwich Street in 1852, and they are held by Italians for his son FRANCIS II.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The resolution of Mr. Morton to print 10,000 extra copies of the message of the President and its accompanying documents, in regard to the Hamburg butchery, gave rise to an extended political debate in the Senate, August 7. The bill of the House of Representatives to repeal the resumption-day clause in the Resumption Act of 1875, and the joint resolution providing for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the change which has taken place in the relative value of gold and silver, the causes thereof, the effect on trade, etc., were read in the Senate, August 7, and referred to the Committee on Finance. Senator Frelinghuysen moved, August 7, that the joint resolution of the House, proposing a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the appropriation of any school fund for the support of sectarian schools, etc., be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. He submitted a substitute for the House amendment. Mr. Christiancy, of Michigan, also submitted a substitute for reference, and the whole matter was referred. On the 10th, the Judiciary Committee reported the following substitute:

"*Article* 16. No State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and no religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under any State. No public property and no public revenue of, nor any loan of credit by or under the authority of, the United States or any State, Territory, District, or municipal corporation, shall be appropriated to, or made or used for the support of, any school, educational or other institution, under the control of any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or wherein the particular creed or tenets shall be read or taught in any school or institution supported in whole or in part by such revenue or loan of credit, and no such appropriation or loan of credit shall be made to any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or to promote its interests or tenets.

"This article shall not be construed to prohibit the reading of the Bible in any school or institution, and it shall not have the effect to impair the rights of property already vested.

"*Section* 2. Congress shall have power by appropriate legislation to provide for the prevention and punishment of violations of this article."

The Senate, on the 8th, passed a bill establishing the Territory of Pembina.—On the 8th, Mr. Lawrence introduced in the House a substitute for the Blaine school amendment, as follows:

"*Section* 1. No State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

"*Section* 2. The public property or money raised by taxation, or from any public fund or property in any State or place subject to the legislative power of Congress, shall never be given to or be under control of any religious sect or denomination.

"*Section* 3. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The conference report on the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill was adopted by both Houses on the 10th. The amount appropriated is $5,000,000.

The State election in Alabama, on the 7th, resulted in the success of the Democratic party by a majority of over 40,000.

The Missouri Republicans, on the 9th, nominated Hon. G. A. Finkelnburg for Governor; the Michigan Democrats nominated W. L. Webber for Governor. On the 10th, the Arkansas Republicans nominated Joseph Brooks for Governor, and the Democrats of Tennessee named Governor Porter for re-election.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE London *Standard's* Berlin special says the Porte has positively declared it is willing to negotiate for peace whenever the powers are disposed to intervene, but is not willing to agree to an armistice before the entry of the Turks into Belgrade. Riestics, the Servian Premier, is preparing a note to be sent to the powers, giving an account of the atrocities committed by the Turks in Servia. The latter are accused of mutilating the wounded, and of burning villages, and carrying petroleum in their knapsacks for the purpose.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Among the structures on the Centennial grounds, apart from those of the Exhibition proper, none have excited more interest than the two which are represented on this page—the Canadian Log-House and the Japanese Bazar. The first, as may be seen from our engraving, is constructed entirely of rough boards and logs, and is of a style of architecture peculiarly suited to summer weather, when draughts of air are not undesirable. The timber, of course, was brought from Canada. The building is odd, and from a little distance picturesque.

The Japanese Bazar claims attention as the work of Japanese carpenters, and as a veritable specimen of the architecture to be found in the Mikado's empire. It is, besides, a very tasteful and attractive structure, and the visitor may pass a pleasant morning in examining the details of the work, to say nothing of the curious and valuable articles exposed for sale in the various rooms. As the duties on these articles have been paid, the purchaser may take away his prizes; but it is well not to take them into the Main Building, under penalty of being suspected of attempting to smuggle out goods on which duty has not been paid.

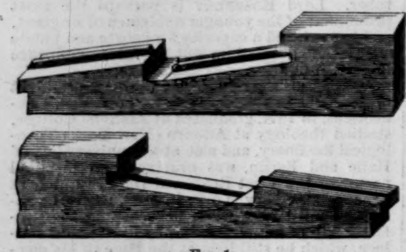


Fig. 1.

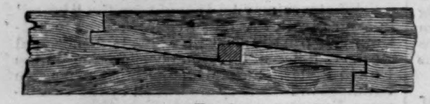
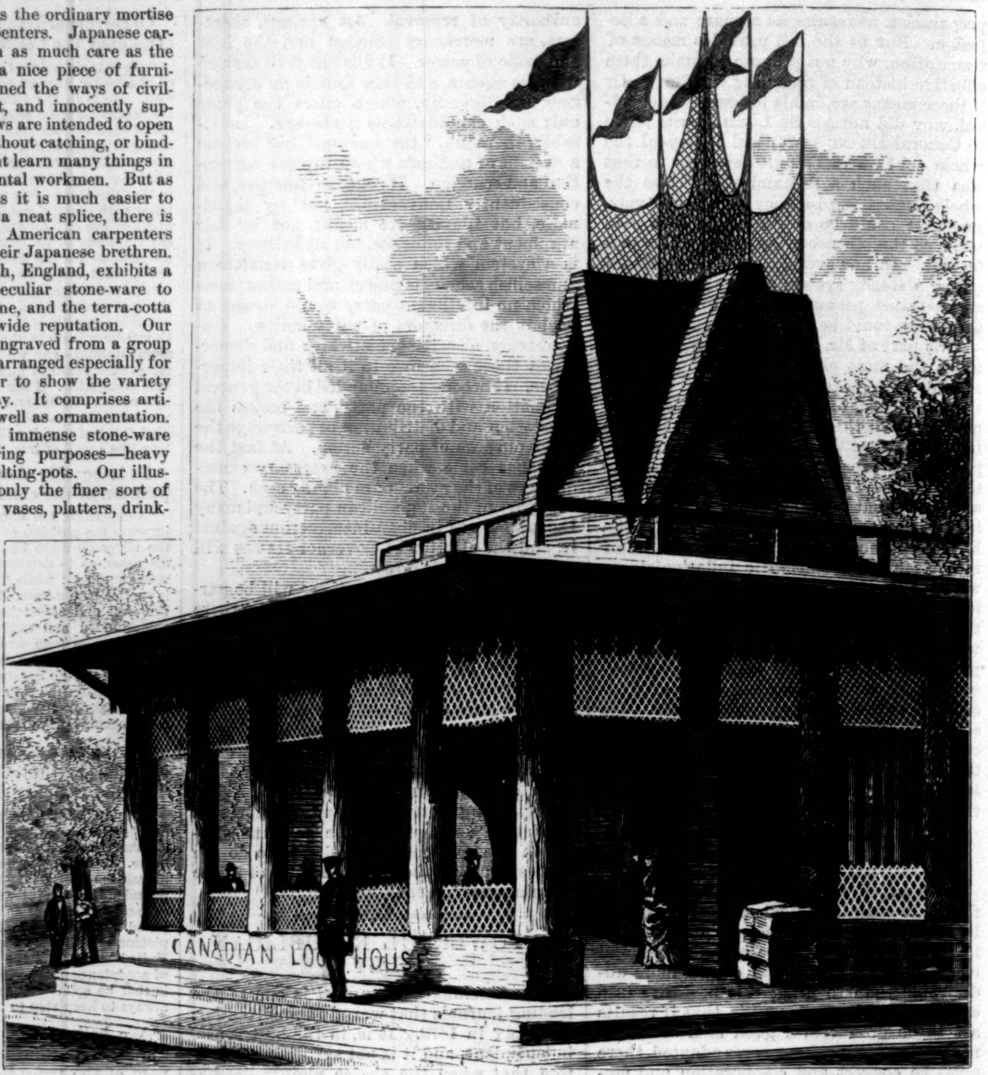


Fig. 2.

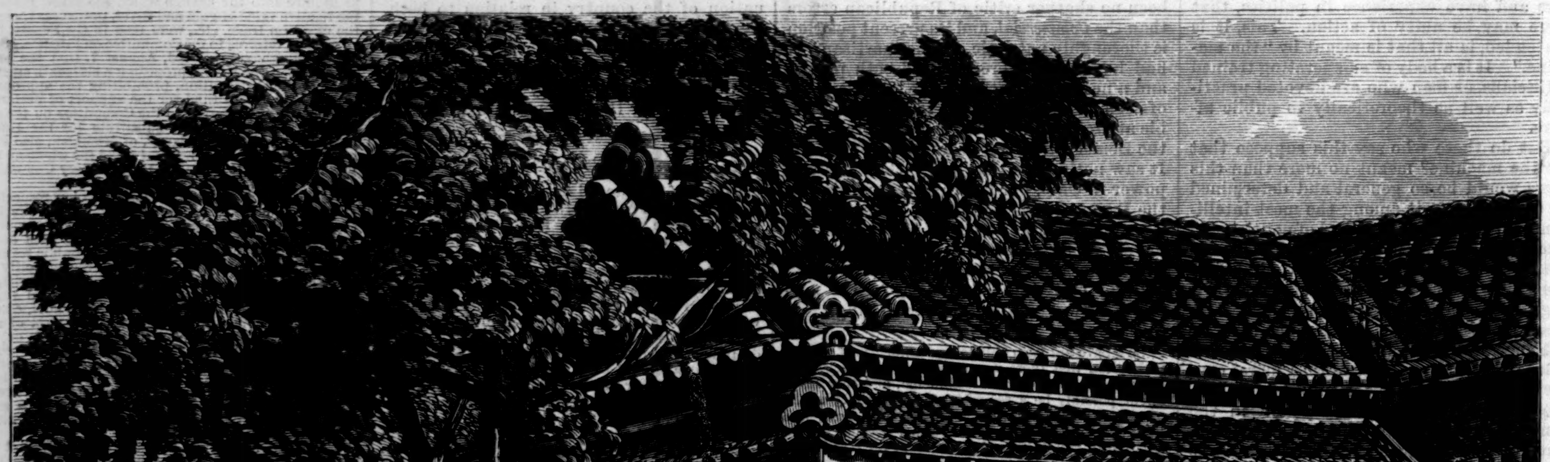
THE JAPANESE TIMBER SPLICE.

The Japanese carpenters are very expert and ingenious workmen. They can put up a large house without the use of nails or screws, just as they put mechanical puzzles together. The joints of the frame are spliced in the most ingenious manner, and the various parts fit together with wonderful accuracy and firmness. One method of Japanese timber-splicing is shown in the small cuts on this page. In Fig. 1 we see the upper and lower part of the splice, and in Fig. 2 the way in which the parts are held in place by means of a neatly fitted key. A beam spliced in this way can not be separated without removing the key; and if the work has been properly performed, the joint thus formed is strong, and not as liable to rock as the ordinary mortise and tenon work of our carpenters. Japanese carpenters build a house with as much care as the cabinet-maker constructs a nice piece of furniture. They have not learned the ways of civilized house-builders as yet, and innocently suppose that doors and windows are intended to open and shut with ease, and without catching, or binding, or sagging. We might learn many things in mechanics from these Oriental workmen. But as we go in for speed, and as it is much easier to drive a nail than to make a neat splice, there is not much likelihood that American carpenters will imitate the work of their Japanese brethren.

Mr. **Doulton**, of Lambeth, England, exhibits a large collection of the peculiar stone-ware to which he has given his name, and the terra-cotta ware which has a world-wide reputation. Our picture of this display is engraved from a group of specimens selected and arranged especially for *Harper's Weekly*, in order to show the variety and beauty of the display. It comprises articles for practical use as well as ornamentation. There are, for instance, immense stone-ware utensils for manufacturing purposes—heavy jars, crucibles, stills, smelting-pots. Our illustration, however, shows only the finer sort of Doulton-ware—tankards, vases, platters, drinking cups, etc. It is an interesting fact that most of these articles are designed and ornamented by women, principally the wives and daughters of artisans, who evince great taste, artistic skill, and invention in this department of design. An examination of the group we have engraved will show that no form is repeated, and that the ornamentation presents designs of infinite variety. This is a distinguishing excellence of the Doulton-ware. The purchaser who selects a vase, a platter, or drinking cup which pleases him, enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that no one can purchase an exact duplicate. The engraving gives the forms and delicate ornamental tracery, but, of course, furnishes no conception of the beautiful colors which constitute a peculiar charm of these wares—blue, gold, green, and brown, most harmoniously blended. The educational influence of the Exhibition is conspicuously shown in the interest excited by this collection and those of a similar character. Very beautiful specimens of Doulton-ware have been imported by **Tiffany** and other large houses, and have found admirers, but few purchasers. Since the opening of the Exhibition, however, the beautiful and well-arranged displays of works suitable for the decoration of the sideboard and the cabinet have awakened a wide-spread popular interest, and thousands of homes throughout the country will be beautified after the close of the Exhibition with the specimens which have pleased the eye and awakened the taste of visitors. There is, of course, a wide range in the prices, but people of moderate means can obtain



THE CENTENNIAL—CANADIAN LOG-HOUSE.—[From a Sketch by Charles H. Vanderhoof.]



THE CENTENNIAL—THE JAPANESE BAZAR.—[From a Sketch by Charles H. Vanderhoof.]

most lovely articles to make the parlor or dining-room more attractive. Our people are learning that money expended to gratify a love of the beautiful is not thrown away, and that to make a home attractive is as much a duty as to make it merely comfortable.

Lambeth, where this ware is manufactured, is one of the parishes of London. It is a large district, a portion of which borders on the Thames, and it is of considerable historical interest. Here is situated Lambeth Palace, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with its famous Lollard Tower. It is within a stone's-throw of this edifice that the Lambeth Pottery is situated. The manufactures until about six years ago were almost exclusively for domestic and sanitary purposes, and for chemical apparatus; but in 1870, after several small displays at previous exhibitions, the first attempt was made, at the London Annual International Exhibition, to bring the Doulton-ware into notice. The exhibit then attracted so much attention and created such a demand that its manufacture was determined upon on a large scale. The ware was at first called Sgraffito, or scratched, but afterward the more convenient term of Doulton was adopted. It was first suggested by the old Grès de Flandres (the method of which has long been lost), but the effects produced by the **DOULTON** methods are more numerous and quite as beautiful. Every form is first thrown on the wheel, and its accuracy and beauty depend on the skill of the potter. While in a plastic state it is put into the hands of the artist, who with a sharp-pointed instrument scratches into the surface the required design. The color is next applied, and the article is ready for the fire. Various effects are produced by the application of dots and bosses, and by carving in the clay, as well as by the mere scratching.

The glazing forms another element of beauty. This is done by throwing salt into the fire at a certain stage. The salt, decomposed by the heat, flies through the kiln and covers the ware with a thin film, which becomes so incorporated with the body as to form the strongest glaze possible, capable of resisting all wear and tear and the action of acids. So delicate and subtle is the deposit that it does not obliterate or obscure the faintest mark on the surface of the ware.

The Doulton-ware is applicable to an infinite variety of articles for ornament or daily use. The ornamentation varies, as we have already said, with each article. In general the decoration is conventional. One of the artists employed in this work, a lady, excels in animal drawing, and articles bearing her designs are in great demand.

The applicability of the Doulton-ware to fire-places is illustrated by a construction showing the whole side of a room. A mantel-piece and mirror-frame of buff terra cotta, with hand-painted tiles in the panels, reach up to the ceiling; the sides and back of the fire-place are of colored and figured encaustic tiles. The hearth is formed of tiles, and a parapet of terra cotta around it serves as a fender. A beautiful little clock, in brown and indigo ware, and a few vases and other ornaments on the mantel-piece, complete the structure, and the whole produces a very pleasing effect. There is also a mantel-piece in dark oak, the wood-work being, in fact, simply a large frame for the exhibition of a set of Shakspearean tile paintings—Touchstone and Audrey on opposites sides of the fire, and seven scenes from the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* overhead.

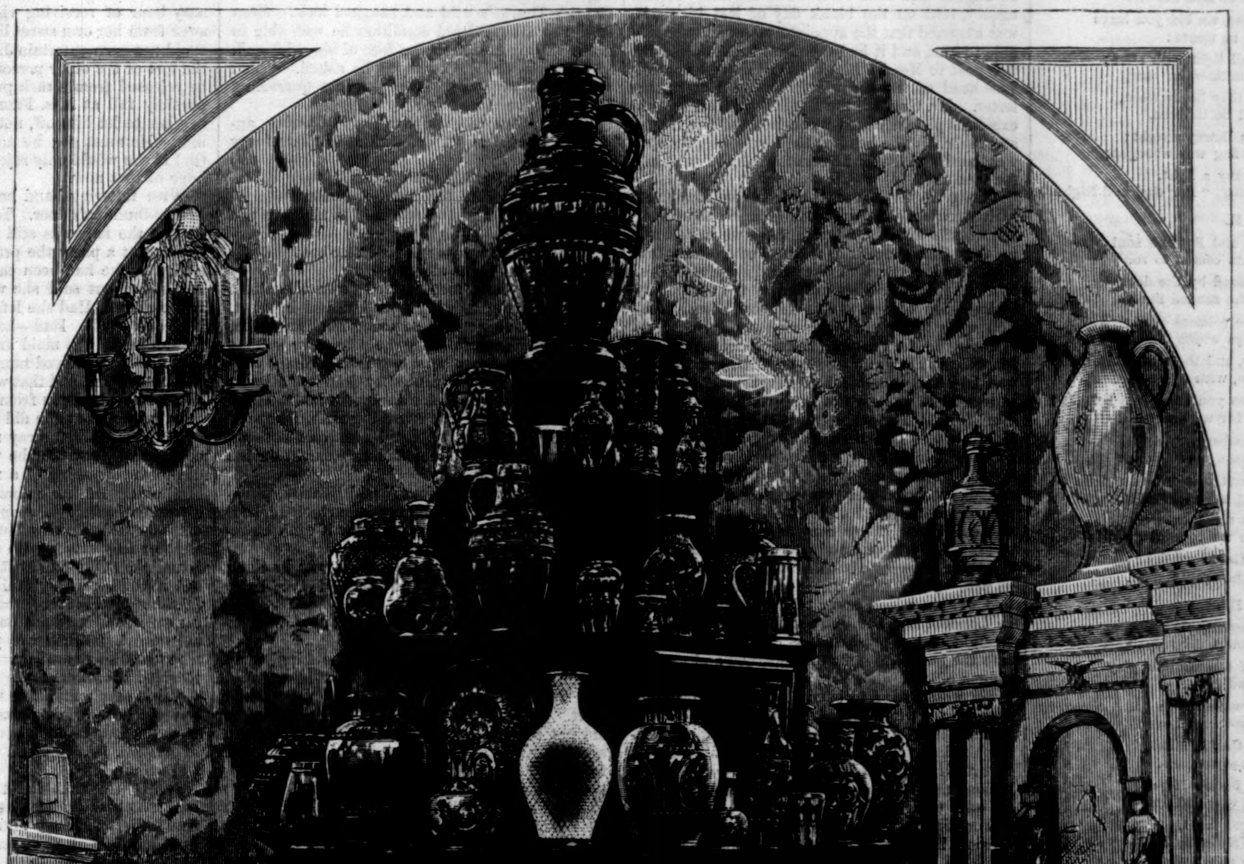
Near the temple in the British section devoted to the exhibition of this ware stands a terra cotta pulpit of great size, red and buff, with indigo ornamentation. The back consists of red terra cotta alcoves, against which are relieved groups of whitish figures. There is a font to match the pulpit, and on this may be seen some unique products of the **DOULTON** potteries. These are small panels, about four inches wide and twelve inches long, deep sunk, and showing in high relief a series of Scriptural groups with appropriate legends. There are ten or twelve figures in each panel, and the attitudes and expression in many instances are wonderfully good, considering the unhandy material in which the idea has to be expressed. Four specimens of these tile paintings have been admitted to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in London, and the British Commissioners have caused two larger specimens in plain terra cotta to be placed in the Centennial Art Gallery. A number have been framed as mural and cabinet decorations. One series is devoted to childhood scenes from the Bible—"Christ Blessing Little Children," "Solomon's Judgment," "The Shunamite's Son," "The Adoration of the Wise Men at Bethlehem," "The Massacre of the Innocents," and so on. The artist is **GEORGE TINWORTH**, of London. The uses of painted tiles appear, indeed, to be innumerable. Mr. **DOULTON** even shows them inserted in the backs of chairs. The Lambeth potteries, indeed, seem capable of baking almost any thing, from the terra cotta copy of **BELL'S** "America" group, which stands in Memorial Hall, to the most exquisite bit of painting or the commonest glazed pie plate.

Other manufacturers of painted tiles also make very interesting displays in the British section. Messrs. **MINTON, HOLLINS, & Co.**, of Stoke-upon-Trent, have one of the largest and most varied collections. They show chimney-pieces as big as the side of a small room, constructed entirely of tiles—figures of birds and flowers around the fire-place, a large domestic scene over the mantel. Among the specimens is a brilliant picture, four feet square—a water view, with two big cranes pecking at the lily buds. Just beyond are single tiles with allegorical figures of the seasons in black outline on a gold or a silver ground. There are humorous figures, and there are heads of animals, and among the latter are several distinguished dogs, all true portraits. There are tiles glazed and unglazed, printed, enameled, hand-painted, majolica; and lastly there are the ceramic tesseræ, of which a tolerable imitation of coarse mosaic may be constructed. Messrs. **MAW & Co.**, of Broseley, in Shropshire, have a good copy of an ancient fresco in ceramic tesseræ and porphyry. This surmounts a chimney-piece, the fire-place being bordered with white outline figures on reddish panels. Several pictures of falcons, painted by J. **RANDALL**, F.G.S., on Coalport porcelain, and some very fine specimens of tessellated floors and wall ornaments, are among the other features of this part of the group.

In comparison with the **DOULTON** and other English pottery, the specimens exhibited by Spain, Portugal, and other countries suffer greatly, being neither so beautiful in design nor so fine in execution. The excellence of the English workmanship must be ascribed to the influence of the Kensington and other art schools, and to the careful and intelligent training which all the employés of such establishments as those of Mr. **DOULTON** and other great English manufacturers are required to undergo. Yet there are many beautiful specimens in the Spanish exhibit. The porous earthenware vessels are admirable examples of artistic taste applied to articles of common household use. There are two stands of these, and the observer can not fail to be struck by their lightness and grace. The collection comprises bottles, jugs, vases, pitchers, plates, and other dishes. The material of which they are made is a light, porous, cream-colored clay. The decoration is of the most simple description, consisting generally of pellets or strings of clay in scroll patterns, imitations of leaves and flowers, garlands, etc. One of the most graceful pieces in the collection is a vase with slightly raised leaves done in this manner, the veining, stems, and tendrils being indicated by incised lines. A very pretty style of vase is made by creasing the upper edge of the piece inward, so as to make four indentations, and at the same time pressing the intermediate edge outward, so as to make four lips curved like the lip of a pitcher.

The Portuguese terra cotta display bears a great resemblance to that of Spain, but in general the forms are even more artistic, the material is finer, and the ornamental designs are very spirited. The specimens were collected by the government in various parts of the little kingdom, and illustrate the artistic tendency and taste of the people. Many of the water jars and vases are models of simplicity and grace in outline. A favorite form of decoration is the fern pattern, produced by scraping away the thin glazing, and leaving the surface of the clay exposed. Some of these decorations are exceedingly beautiful. There is another style of decoration which is less pleasing to the eye—little pieces of white quartz stuck into the unbaked clay in various patterns and devices. The effect is not artistic, and in some of the specimens it is positively ugly. Taken as a whole, however, the collection is an example of the ease with which common utensils may be made artistically beautiful.

Our series of sketches on page 701 will be readily appreciated by every one who has visited the Centennial, and observed the crowds that reach the grounds by every sort of conveyance. There was no falling off in the attendance even during the sultry season, and as cooler weather approaches, the rush will undoubtedly increase. Thousands of people are waiting for the pleasant September and October days, when the task of sight-seeing will be less fatiguing and wearing. No one who can make the visit and remain several days in studying the wonders of the Exhibition will ever regret the expenditure of time and money. Even one day wisely devoted to a general survey of the buildings and grounds will be an event to be remembered during a lifetime.



THE CENTENNIAL—THE DOULTON POTTERY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.]

A LEGEND OF THE FLAG.

I.

SEVENTEEN hundred and seventy-seven:
Fair and pure is the face of heaven,

And softly the sunlight floats above
The calm old City of Brotherly Love.

Betsey Ross in her homespun dress
Has paused for a moment of idleness;

The little shop with the sanded floor
Looks bright from the half-way open door;

But Betsey watches with anxious eyes
A cloud of dust that she sees arise.

Adown the street there's a goodly stir—
A party of horsemen are seeking her.

"Mistress Betsey," the first one cries—
Low on his forehead the cocked hat lies—

"In the name of Congress, we bid you leave
Your other labors a flag to weave:

"A field of blue you shall light with stars;
Of silk prepare you six milk-white bars,

"Till, with the crimson they lie between,
The goodly number shall be thirteen."

Then needle and scissors Betsey sought;
With skillful fingers the flag was wrought;

And it waved aloft in many a fight,
Where the watch-word rang, "For God and Right!"

II.

Then the years went by, and Betsey's soul
Had fled ere the war-drum ceased to roll;

And Betsey's daughter stood by the door
Of the little shop with the sanded floor.

"Give us more flags," the soldiers cried;
"We have naught but rags where the stars are dyed

"With the blood of foes, and the milk-white bars
Are torn, like our breasts, with ragged scars."

But the maiden said, "Do you know the Friends?
They weave no banners for warlike ends.

"I wear their colors of sober gray,
No flaring crimson or azure gay.

"I can weave no flags that may wave in strife
Where brother is seeking a brother's life."

Then silent the veterans turned away
From that quiet maid in the robe of gray,

Who after them closed the heavy door
Of the little shop with the sanded floor.

III.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six:
In wild confusion the colors mix,

And the various hues of the rainbow play
Over the city so grim and gray;

A myriad banners they wave above
The calm old City of Brotherly Love;

And silk and satin and Quaker dress,
They meet in a nation's joyousness.

The simple banner that Betsey Ross
Wrought in the days of woe and loss—

Feeble work of a woman's hand,
Yet mighty symbol of Freedom's land—

Though bathed in blood in the years of old,
Now bright with satin and bound with gold,

Waves over a land where, equal, free,
Men joy in the light of Liberty.

Ah! Quaker maiden, where, then, were this,
Had no ear thrilled to a bullet's hiss,

No brave heart dared in the dust to lie,
That the Stars and Stripes might float on high?

In the midst of battle none dared to drag
To the earth that torn and homespun flag.

It was borne aloft through blood and tears,
Till now, in the lapse of a hundred years,

In the City of Penn it floats unfurled,
While the myriad flags of a joyous world,

In the quiet hush when all quarrels cease,
Entwine their folds in the clasp of Peace.

STRAWLEAF'S LETTERS.

WHAT could have caused the postman of the town of Strawleaf, in England, to throw up his office, his position, his pay, his character, his every thing, and suddenly disappear from the place? He surely ought to have considered himself well off. He had three dollars and a half a week (fourteen shillings, that is to say, in English money); his duties only began about five every morning, and he could always count on returning to his home at reasonable bed-time—say, ten o'clock P.M. His occupation must have been healthy, for he was always taking exercise, except during the few hours of his sleep; he never knew the sensation of indigestion; and he had a considerable part of each Sunday all to himself. What could such a man have wanted? Domestic happiness? Why, he had a wife and seven children, of all of whom he was very fond. And yet one day he disappeared, and a whole delivery of letters with him, some of them, it may be presumed, having money or valuables in them, which had probably tempted him, despite all that a generous government had done for him, ungrateful, to make him comfortable. He had gone, and could not be found. His wife and children presently disappeared too, nobody caring to ask much about them. Perhaps they joined him somewhere, and rejoiced in safety over ill-gotten gains. The town of Strawleaf did not much care about him or them in its natural excitement over the disappearance of what should have been a whole postal delivery of letters. It was a brisk little town, doing a good deal of business of various kinds, and its correspondence was considerable. For days, for weeks, for months, every body was more or less put out by receiving communications which, in themselves unintelligible, were evidently intended to be understood in connection with some former letter, which had never come to hand, owing to that confounded postman. Various negotiations which had been initiated, or were supposed to have been initiated, by one of the lost letters, came to a stand-still, the opportunity having passed, or one party having changed his mind, owing to the delay. Moreover, every mishap of this kind which any body had forced upon his attention only aggravated him almost to madness by suggesting the vague and measureless possibilities of mishaps not yet disclosed, but to be surely borne in some time. This was before the days of electric wires forming a pathway of news beneath the ocean, and the perplexed business men of Strawleaf had to wait patiently for arrival of letters from the uttermost ends of the earth before they could measure the whole extent of the inconvenience. Six months after the disappearance of the accursed postman, the head of a house in Strawleaf received a letter from China about an appointment as agent for a business in Hong-Kong which he had coveted and sought for years. The letter simply informed him that as no answer had been received to the offer of the agency, sent on the blank day of last blank, it was assumed that the appointment was unacceptable to him, and it had therefore been offered by this post to Messrs. Blank, his rivals in business. The head of the Strawleaf house put down the letter. Mr. Goodall, the English painter, has an excellent picture called "The Head of the House at Prayer." The head of the house we speak of was hardly a living illustration of the painting for that day.

These, however, are the troubles connected with what may be called the *haute politique* of Strawleaf's affairs, and with these we have little to do. Our concern is rather with some few nooks and corners of Strawleaf's private life. Most of the difficulties caused by the temporary interruption of Strawleaf's internal communication were to be got over easily enough. Mrs. Leamington, for example, had sent out invitations for an evening party, some of which, at least, it was but too probable had never reached their address. It was easy to send the invitations all over again. The whole town alike knew that a lot of letters had been lost, and all alike were concerned in helping each other over the difficulty. In fact, most persons who had written and dispatched letters on the unlucky day were aware that they had at most lost a post or two, and could send a new copy of the vanished missives. The difficulty and perplexity came usually from not knowing what might have been coming to you. To be sure, the elder Miss Leamington had written a long letter to her fiancé, who was in London, and she blushed many times as she thought of her protestations of affection falling into the hands of some unconcerned and unscrupulous official, who, long after the return of her lover, would have to open the letter in order to discover the whereabouts of the person who ought to have it, in the impossibility of its now reaching him in London. But there were within Strawleaf itself some little complications of a far more serious nature than this, and with some of these we have to deal.

The slightest of slight causes that move dissension between hearts that love had suddenly come up to mar the happiness of the youngest Miss Leamington, by name Janet, and her adoring, devoted, and jealous lover, Octavius Erle. It fell out at a garden party that Octavius Erle fancied Janet smiled too much on the Rev. Arthur Carson, the handsome and stately clergyman who lately paid her such marked attention, and whom all her people would wish her to marry. Nobody but Janet herself wished her to marry young Erle, except Mr. Erle himself, of course, for he had his way to make in life, and he was suspected of being rather idle. Now Janet had always faithfully stood up for him, and had many times given him to understand privately that she loved him, and therefore she thought it hard that he should suspect her, even if she did talk to Mr. Carson. On the other hand, poor Octavius knew that every one was against him and for Carson, and therefore it was no wonder that he should feel rather sensitive and jealous. So he sulked and moped at first, and made himself rather ridiculous, and then he was positively rude to Janet when she remonstrated, and he spoke so bitterly and sardonically of the perfidy and general worthlessness of women that he quite frightened her. She thought he looked exactly like M. Faure when that famous singer personates Mephistopheles, as she had seen him do at Covent Garden when she was last in London, and she felt persuaded that she could not trust her happiness in such keeping. She drew away from him, alarmed and miserable, and she listened to the conversation of the Rev. Mr. Carson.

Octavius Erle said to his own soul that no woman's treachery should crush *him*. He would show that he could rise superior to it. He plunged into a mad flirtation with Mrs. Frazer-Dunning, a very pretty widow, with a splendid mass of yellow curls, about the genuineness of which poor Erle was too blighted in spirit to have any doubts. Mrs. Frazer-Dunning was very clever, and had fine eyes, but she was not very young, and she was notoriously and almost avowedly on the hunt for a second husband. She had often admired young Erle's fine face and tall figure; and when he put himself in her way, she flirted with him so sweetly, so flatteringly, with such delicious ease and frank boldness, that the poor youth, in his condition of wounded susceptibility, found his brain rapidly turning. The wretched boy was proud of being seen in a flirtation with the renowned Mrs. Frazer-Dunning, who had flirted with scores of men twice his age, and he fancied he was cutting them out because he was foolish enough to commit himself, and these, his supposed rivals, had not the faintest notion of doing any thing of the kind.

When the garden party was over, Mr. Carson pressed the hand of Janet, and said, in the gentlest tone, that he would not urge her to answer him then, but would give her a night to think of what he had said, and that he trusted she would reply to him on the morrow.

Octavius Erle begged, before parting, that Mrs. Frazer-Dunning would give him her address and allow him to call upon her next day, to both of which requests she acceded.

The night fell cool and beautiful upon the streets of Strawleaf, as Octavius Erle emerged from the smoking-room of the club to which he belonged, and repaired with grim resolve toward the post-office to drop in a letter which he had written immediately on leaving the garden party, and which he carried in his pocket since that hour. As he passed through the hall of the club, he overtook young Charley Thorne, once a college companion of his, and son of a wealthy London merchant. Charley had been sent down to Strawleaf for the ostensible purpose of helping to conduct a branch of the paternal business there, but really to unlearn, if he could, some rather prodigal ways which he had been acquiring in the great city. Octavius was struck with Charley Thorne's wild and haggard look. Even in his own bewildered condition he was able to notice the expression on the face of his old friend.

"What's wrong, Charley?" he asked. "You are looking very bad. Have you been quarreling with the governor again?"

"We've not been quarreling," Charley answered, gloomily. "I don't mean to quarrel any more."

"You look terribly out of sorts."

"So do you, Erle, too, for that matter."

"Do I? Well, I suppose so. Where are you going?"

"Only to the nearest pillar letter-box."

"So am I. Come along."

The two young men walked down the street together in the moonlight, and talked in short, jerky, broken sentences, as young Englishmen do, each keeping carefully off the particular subject in which his heart was engaged. When they came to the post pillar, Charley drew out a letter and held it in his hand for a moment hesitatingly.

"You are not doing any thing rash, I hope?" Octavius asked, for he could not avoid noticing the expression of doubt and excitement on the face of his friend.

"It's done now, anyhow," said Charley, pitching his letter into the orifice of the receiving box. "It had to be done, Erle, and now it can't be recalled."

"Nor this," said Octavius, grimly, as he flung in his letter. "Have we decided our lives, Charley?"

"I have," Charley replied. "It was time to decide something in my case."

Just at that moment a girl came tripping up to the post pillar, and she dropped in a letter. The sight of her made Octavius Erle redden and start. She was Janet Leamington's maid. She did not see him. "Good heavens!" he said to himself, "if she should have come with a letter for me!" For a moment he thought of stopping her, asking her, bribing her. But he did not do so. "What would be the use now?" he thought; "she isn't writing to me; and, anyhow, the thing is done. Too late now."

So Charley and he walked drearily away, and left Janet Leamington's maid to have a little chat with the maid of Mrs. Frazer-Dunning, who came up just at the moment and posted a letter written by her mistress.

Octavius was right in assuming that Janet Leamington was not writing to him. Driven to sudden desperation, she had written to Mr. Carson to tell him that he might have her if he would. Octavius himself had dropped into the post a passionate avowal of love for Mrs. Frazer-Dunning, in which he besought that lady to be his bride. Poor Charley Thorne had written to his father a despairing letter, in which he confessed that he had been deluded into promising to marry a scheming little actress, and that now an action for breach of promise was hanging over his head. Five hundred pounds would buy her off; and Charley declared that if his father did not within a specified number of days send him the money, he would drown himself. Marry the woman, he would not; face public exposure, he would not; therefore, Death! He loved his cousin Annie (whom his father wished him to marry); he longed to marry her and live a life of steady happiness, and prove himself a good son and a devoted husband. But this old folly had risen up against him; and if his father would not for the last time interpose to rescue his unhappy and repentant son, then only one thing remained for said son, and that one thing was Death!

The letter which Mrs. Frazer-Dunning dispatched that same evening was to the elder Miss Leamington. It was simply:

> "MY DEAR EMILY,—Do tell me, like a sweet, good dear, and at once, whether young Octavius Erle has any money or any decent expectations. I know your sister has thrown him over, so you won't mind telling me. He is a stupid boy, but he has been making love to me in his despair, and I think I would have him if he has money; but of course I need not tell a sensible girl like you that I would not marry a goose like that without money.
>
> "Affectionately yours, BONNIE F.-D."

These were in substance the letters which the four principal persons of our little drama consigned to the care of the post-office of Strawleaf that night. They came with various others into the hands of the unlucky and erring postman, with the account of whose disappearance our story opened. Needless to say that he did not deliver them. Equally needless to say that each of the persons concerned was under the impression that the postal service of Strawleaf was working with all its wonted regularity. Therefore, to these four, and to the Rev. Mr. Carson too, the morning brought anxious care and thought.

Octavius woke next morning with a hideous load of misery on him. He had lost Janet Leamington, and he had made love and sent a formal proposal to Mrs. Frazer-Dunning. Poor little Janet was not much more happy. She had nearly cried her eyes out during the night because of her foolish precipitation in writing to Mr. Carson. Oh, how could she ever, ever have done such a thing? she asked herself, wildly. She never could love him; she never could love any one but poor Octavius, whom now she had discarded. She made feverish resolves. She would throw herself at Mr. Carson's feet when he came and beg of him not to take her at her word. He must release her. As a gentleman and a clergyman, he could not hold a poor girl to a foolish letter. If he would not release her, she could only die.

Of course he would come that day. She waited tremulously, and could hardly speak to any one. The hours passed away, and Mr. Carson did not come.

Mr. Octavius, for his part, only wished that the earth would open and swallow him. But he could not linger in inaction and wait for trouble. He had, alas! to be up and doing. In his fatal letter he had announced that he would call on Mrs. Frazer-Dunning at one o'clock, before her ordinary hour of receiving visitors, and beg an answer from her own sweet lips. He must go. He could not even entertain Janet's idea of falling at the feet of the other personage and requesting to be released from a rash promise. He could not possibly fall at Mrs. Frazer-Dunning's feet and beg her to let him off, not to insist on marrying him. He must go; he must make love to her. Oh! if she would only reject him! He had little hope of that now.

With faltering hand he rang the bell at Mrs. Frazer-Dunning's door. To his surprise he learned that the lady was still in bed. She had been out late at a party the previous night, her maid said, and she had been called at eleven and had her coffee, but said she would not get up until two o'clock. Had she left no message for him? No, none at all. Had—had she received a letter from him, did the maid know? The maid knew that she had received none from him. Only one letter had come, and that was—from another person. In fact, it was from a dun, the maid knew only too well, but she did not say so.

Octavius walked away much bewildered. He could hardly say that he was relieved, but there did seem something of a respite in the condition of affairs. He hung about the town in the oddest state of mind. Passing once by a fashionable dress-maker's, he saw Mrs. Frazer-Dunning with another lady drive up to the door in a carriage. Mrs. Frazer-Dunning kept no carriage of her own, but utilized very skillfully the vehicles of her friends. Mrs. Frazer-Dunning gave him the sweetest smile, and held out her well-gloved hand, and murmured, "When are you coming to call on me?" and so passed on. She had evidently not received his letter.

What perplexity there was that day! Mr. Carson did not call on Janet. He had not heard from her, and he took her silence as the opposite of consent. At night he took the train and went to London.

But by this time Janet and Octavius alike had begun to breathe again. The news of the postman's disappearance and the loss of his letters had gone about, and Octavius had made inquiries, and was satisfied that that must have been the very collection in which his rash epistle was inclosed. He felt as if Providence had specially intervened to save him from the consequences of his jealous folly, and he could have kissed the very earth with joy. There was a walk which Janet favored of evenings. Oh, if she would come there that evening! He went to try. She came. "Janet!" "Oh, Octavius!" And behold the lovers reconciled, tremulous with alarm and happiness, and more passionately attached to each other than ever. But Janet said nothing of her letter to Mr. Carson, and Mr. Octavius suppressed all mention of his offer to Mrs. Frazer-Dunning. Each was quite resolved to make a clean breast to the other next day, or perhaps the day after, but not at that first meeting of reconciliation. Oh, surely no!

Mrs. Frazer-Dunning waited with some anxiety for her young lover all the next day, but he did not come. She was not without a shrewd suspicion, when she came to question her maid as to Mr. Erle's call, that he had written to her a letter which she had not received, and that that letter contained a declaration of love. But of course she could do nothing more than wait quietly for a second declaration. She could not put on any appearance of having expected any thing, although she resolved, when young Erle did call, to stimulate him, if need should be, by asking if her maid had rightly understood him to say that he had written to her, Mrs. Frazer-Dunning, about something—it must have seemed so rude of her not to answer. Then, she thought, he really must speak out. It puzzled her a little when she heard that Mr. Carson had gone to London, but she assumed that it must be to make some preparations for his approaching wedding with Janet Leamington. On the whole, Mrs. Frazer-Dunning was glad now that her letter of prudent inquiry to the elder Miss Leamington had been lost, as it evidently had. The inquiry might have seemed premature.

Very happy became poor Charley Thorne all of a sudden. The selfish and vulgar woman who had been like a nightmare to him disappeared from the stage and the town in company with a fool younger than himself, and who had just succeeded to an ancient name and a large property. The rebound of freedom and joy nearly made poor Charley wild. How he thanked, too, the lucky accident which had caused his despairing letter never to reach his father! How passionately and sincerely he resolved never more to indulge in idleness or evil companionship! How fervently he wrote, as an accepted and devoted lover, to his cousin Annie! He longed to pour forth his joy into the ears of half the town. He hugged life, metaphorically, with both his rescued arms.

Ah! why was not Bobby Brown, son of the worthy Widow Brown, just for once a little less of a model boy? It would have been pleasanter for many in Strawleaf if Bobby Brown, returning home late one evening, and passing an old disused and broken pump, had not peered into its orifice, and discerning something white therein, fished out a huge bundle of letters, and seeing that they all looked fresh and had unmarked postage stamps on them, concluded at once that they must be a bundle which the vanished postman had just taken from one of the post pillars, and which he ought to have borne to the central office, but which, having doubtless picked out any that seemed to hold contents worth keeping, he had pitched into the opening of the old pump. Bobby Brown walked half a mile out of his way to the central post-office, and finding the doors of that institution closed, he quietly dropped the letters all into the mouth of the receiving-box, and went his way with a satisfied heart. The letters were all duly postmarked, and sent out to their various destinations the following morning.

Octavius Erle was making an elaborate toilet about noon that day, in order to present himself becomingly to his recovered Janet, when a little dainty pink perfumed note was brought to him. He opened and read:

"I have just received your letter. I am too agitated to reply. I never thought to have loved or married again, oh, never! never! But come to me.
"Bonnie F.-D."

Mrs. Frazer-Dunning had just received the proposal which he too fondly hoped had been lost, and this was her way of signifying that she accepted it. He hurried out of the house like a madman. He hardly knew where to turn or what to do. He thought of drowning himself, of murdering Mrs. Frazer-Dunning, of putting a sword (only he hadn't a sword) into her hand and requesting her to sheathe it in his bosom, of telling her that he never meant the proposal seriously, that it was only his fun, that it was not he who sent the letter at all, that he had intended it for somebody else, and only addressed it to her in mistake, and a thousand other expedients equally rational and promising. Wandering along his wild way, he suddenly met the Rev. Arthur Carson, who had only returned from London the evening before. Mr. Carson looked so happy and radiant that poor Octavius almost hated him.

Now Mr. Carson was so much absorbed in his ministerial duties and his love affair, and Janet and Octavius had hitherto kept their love affair so quiet, that Arthur never supposed he had a preferred rival, or rival of any kind, in young Erle. Moreover, at that fatal garden party poor Janet, in the bitterness of her soul, had directed his attention to the flirtation of Mrs. Frazer-Dunning and Octavius, and had wildly told him that she believed these two were engaged. So Arthur met Mr. Octavius with a sweet smile, and told him, with a look of droll sagacity, that he knew where he was going.

"A beautiful creature, Mr. Erle," Mr. Carson said. "Oh, I know all about it—Mrs. F.-D. You deserve to be congratulated, truly. And I too, Mr. Erle," he added, with eyes modestly downcast—"I too claim congratulation. I am the happiest of men. Positively, Mr. Erle, I esteem myself even happier than *you*."

"Can that be?" groaned poor Octavius, with a grim smile.

"Oh yes. I have this morning been accepted. I may tell you, surely, may I not? You know Janet Leamington?"

"What do you mean?"

"I proposed for her a few days ago, and I begged her to take any time she pleased to consider. Oh, Mr. Erle, think of my feelings in the interval! She has considered, and I have just received the sweetest letter from her, accepting me."

A wild laugh of despair broke from the wretched Octavius. The joyous Carson never heeded it.

"I am going to see her now," he said, with sentimental sweetness.

"Do so," exclaimed the hapless Erle. "Go and see her. Be happy. Give her my congratulations. Be very particular to give her *my* congratulations. Say I honor her for her constancy to you, Carson—to you."

"And you?" Mr. Carson softly insinuated. "May we not congratulate you, my dear friend? Are not you too, like me, bound upon an errand of love?"

"Love? What? Oh yes, certainly. Be sure you tell Miss Janet Leamington that I too am accepted, and that I am very happy—so remarkably happy!"

"And when," Mr. Carson mildly asked, "may this event be looked for? Soon?"

"Soon? To-morrow!"

"To-morrow? Indeed! I had not the least idea."

"To-morrow, Carson, to-morrow. We should have requested Janet—Miss Janet Leamington—to act as one of the bride-maids, but there is hardly time. Good-by, Carson, good-by. My compliments and congratulations to Miss Janet Leamington."

Octavius rushed away.

"A singular young man!" Mr. Carson said to himself—"a very singular young man! Quite beside himself, evidently, with love and happiness."

Fancy the feelings of poor bewildered Janet when Mr. Carson, sweet, emotional, devoted, presented himself before her, and claimed her hand, according to promise.

"Oh, Mr. Carson, I am so sorry you ever got that wretched letter! I had hoped that it didn't reach you. I was mad when I wrote it. I love Octavius Erle—I had better tell you all; we love each other."

"Octavius Erle!" the bewildered clergyman exclaimed. "Why, you told me yourself that he was engaged to Mrs. Frazer-Dunning."

"But that was only folly, nonsense, and I never meant it. I didn't believe it. I *knew* it wasn't true."

"But he told me himself it is true."

"He told you? When?"

"This very day—just now! He is in love with Mrs. Frazer-Dunning, and she is to marry him. He told me to tell *you* so. And they are to be married to-morrow."

Janet for a moment became utterly confounded. Suddenly a sort of light began to stream in upon her, and she grew more collected.

"Mr. Carson, I beg your pardon. Do tell me one thing: did he say this before you spoke to him—of me?"

"No," the honest but puzzled young clergyman answered. "I told him I was coming to see you—and I told him—well, I told him you had accepted me. I had your letter, you know."

"Oh," exclaimed Janet, "I see it all now. He thought I had deserted him, and he rushed off in despair to propose to Mrs. Frazer-Dunning! Oh, Mr. Carson, if you have any regard for me, stop him, do stop him, before it is too late. Run after him; find him somewhere; tell him it's all a mistake; explain to him; tell him I don't love you in the least—oh, not in the least!—and that I only wrote to you because I quarreled with him and was out of my mind; and don't let him propose for that dreadful woman!"

Such is the terrible impulse and overwhelming energy of woman's persuasive power, that the Rev. Arthur Carson, before he well knew what he was doing, found himself seizing his hat and rushing forth to stop his too fortunate rival from making a rash proposal, by actually assuring him that it was he, the rival, and he alone, not Carson nor another, who was loved by weeping Janet.

When he was gone, Janet ran up stairs to her sister's room, and passionately poured forth her grief. The elder Miss Leamington, herself betrothed, had a kindly and sympathetic heart. She listened to Janet's story, and suddenly, as she listened, her sympathetic face grew brighter.

"Don't be afraid, Janet," she said, with a smile. "Unless Octavius Erle has actually conducted her to the altar already, I can forbid the banns."

But what was the distress of Janet, or Janet's lover, or even of rejected and despondent Mr. Carson himself, to that of wretched Charley Thorne, when he received a sudden and sharp telegram from his father, thus couched:

"*John P. Thorne, London, to Charles F. Thorne, Strawleaf:*

"Your insolent letter received. Have handed it to your cousin Annie, and recommended her to accept proposal of Major Mather. Marry your actress, or drown yourself, or do both, just as you please."

In his wild agony, Charley could think of no one to help him but Mr. Carson, the clergyman, for whom his father had a high veneration. He ran in search of Mr. Carson, but could not find him, for Mr. Carson was in search of Erle, and Erle was just now ascending the stairs to the *boudoir* of Mrs. Frazer-Dunning.

That lady was much too cool a hand to let him come too quickly to the point, or, at least, to give him an answer too quickly. She was still quite uncertain about his means or his expectations, and now very much wished her letter of inquiry had reached Miss Leamington. Moreover, poor Octavius made the oddest sort of lover. His manner sometimes reminded the good-humored lady of Mr. Moddle in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Only fancy her wonder and satisfaction when, in the midst of the love-making, she received an intimation that Miss Leamington wished to see her particularly, most particularly, just for one minute; and before there was time for her to think whether she should see Miss Leamington there or not, the lady herself rushed, all billowy with flounces and emotion, into the room. Octavius fell back. Mrs. Frazer-Dunning came forward. Miss Leamington did not see—or at least made as if she did not see—the wretched youth.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Dunning, I am so glad to find you alone! I ran the moment I got your letter. I hope I am not too late. He is *quite* poor, my dear—*quite* poor; and it is entirely uncertain whether his father will do any thing for him. Don't give him any answer until you make sure of that. He is a stupid boy, and a goose, as you say; and of course you are right in not having him, if he hasn't plenty of money. I only wish our poor Janet had your sense.—Oh, Mr. Erle!"

For now Mr. Erle made himself conspicuous, burning with wonder, wrath, and shame.

Mrs. Frazer-Dunning looked for the moment very much confused.

"Am I too late?" Miss Leamington asked, looking from one to the other. "Was I wrong in coming? I thought I ought to come at once, when you wrote to me, Mrs. Dunning."

Mrs. Frazer-Dunning at last recovered her good humor, and burst into a fit of laughter. "Don't be angry, Mr. Erle," she said. "I have survived the age of romance, you know, and I really couldn't afford to marry for mere love. But I think Miss Leamington might have been a little more cautious in telling her story, even though it was an act of friendship."

"Women are all mercenary, all perfidious, all fickle and treacherous alike!" exclaimed the distracted Octavius, as he grasped his hat and rushed down the stairs.

"Oh, thank Heaven! I have found you at last!" the Rev. Arthur Carson cried, as, turning, uncertain, for the twentieth time into Mrs. Frazer-Dunning's street, he met the reckless Erle plunging out of it. "Oh, Erle, I have been looking for you every where. *She* sent me. It was my fault—all my fault. It was a mistake of mine—it was, I do assure you. Go to her—she loves you—and leave me to my fate."

A few wild words brought Erle back to sanity, and sent him rushing to find his Janet.

"He did not even stay to thank me," murmured Mr. Carson. "No matter: what had he to thank me for? She does not care for me. I have only done my duty."

"Oh, Carson!" and Charley Thorne ran wildly up to him, "I have found you at last! You must save me; you alone can do it. My father will hear you. I put my life in your hands."

"Come with me to my house," Mr. Carson said, "and tell me what you mean there, Charley. I—I'm afraid the people will think it rather odd."

For a little crowd had already begun to gather on the pavement, wondering at the excitement of the clergyman and his successive interlocutors.

They went to Carson's house, and Charley explained his plight.

"I'll go to London this very night, Charley," said the clergyman, with a sigh; "I'll explain every thing to your father, and your cousin Annie. Things will come right, I have no doubt. I'll do my best—and perhaps," he gently murmured, "in helping others I may forget myself."

Which indeed proved to be the case with him, as it will prove to be with most persons who fairly make the experiment. He was so busy for some time in striving to make the happiness of other people that he forgot at last how unhappy he ought to be himself. The other day he married Charley Thorne's sister.

Long before that, however, he had set things right for Charley Thorne with his father and his cousin Annie. Long before that, too, he had persuaded Janet Leamington's parents to consent to her engagement with Octavius Erle, and probably Octavius's father, seeing how steadfast and good the young fellow is, will do something handsome for him. It is certain that Octavius never would save half enough to make Mrs. Frazer-Dunning willing to marry him. Mrs. Frazer-Dunning tells every body so, and she ought to know. But then, as Janet Leamington's sister remarked on a memorable occasion, Janet never had Mrs. Frazer-Dunning's sense.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The fourth number of the second volume of the Bulletin of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories is occupied by several zoological papers by Mr. J. A. Allen, of Cambridge. The most important of these is one upon "The Geographical Variation among North American Mammals, especially in Respect to Size."

Referring to the generalization that was made some years ago, that the American mammals as well as birds increase in size with the latitude of their birth-place, as also with altitude, Mr. Allen remarks that this does not apply in the case of some of the carnivora, and that the following propositions more nearly express the facts: 1st. The maximum physical development of the individual is attained where the conditions of environment are most favorable to the life of the species. 2d. The largest species of a group (genus, subfamily, or family, as the case may be) are found where the group to which they severally belong reaches its highest development, or where it has what may be termed its centre of distribution. 3d. The most "typical" or most generalized representatives of a group are found also near its centre of distribution, outlying forms being generally more or less "aberrant" or specialized.

A writer in the Washington *Evening Star*, commenting upon the rapid decrease in the fisheries of the Potomac River, is disposed to assign the cause, as do many others, to the combined action of the gill nets and shore seines which break up the schools of fish when on their way to the spawning grounds, thus preventing the depositing of their eggs under circumstances favorable to their development. He strongly urges the propriety of having the deep channel of the Potomac marked out, and the introduction of nets of any kind therein prohibited under some stringent enactment, this channel to be wide enough to permit sea-room to vessels sailing against the wind, say half a mile wide, and so buoyed and staked out that its location shall be unmistakable.

A similar action in the harbor of New York has resulted in preventing the destruction of the fish, and allows them to pass up in sufficient numbers to perpetuate their species.

A hydrographic department was established by the Chilian government, under date of May 1, 1875. This contains the records of much important surveying work carried on by the Chilian navy, such as the survey of the Chonos Archipelago and the adjacent coast, by Captain Simpson; that of the Maullen, in Southern Chili; that of two isolated islands off the South American coast, called San Felix and San Ambrosio, etc.

The survey of the coast of Eastern Siberia, between the parallels of 45° and 52° north, from Plastun Bay to Castries Bay, has lately been completed by Colonel Bolschef. The country is watered by numerous streams, and has a good soil and luxuriant vegetation. Large timber, suitable for ship-building, and many valuable minerals, including gold, have been discovered.

The concluding part of Vol. III. of the Transactions of the Academy of Natural Sciences of St. Louis has been published, and contains several interesting papers on entomology and ethnology by members of the society. Dr. Engelmann contributes "Notes on Agave," and calls a new species of this plant after Mr. Shaw, the well-known founder of the Botanical Garden of St. Louis.

The Proceedings of the Fifth Annual Meeting of the American Fish-Culturists' Association, which was held February 8, 1876, in New York, have been published, under the direction of Dr. Edmunds, the secretary. The pamphlet contains a letter by Seth Green upon the propagation of fish, and one by Dr. Sterling on the propagation of white-fish.

An eminent Belgian horticulturist, M. Louis Van Houtte, burgomaster at Gendbrugge, near Ghent, died on the 9th of May, at the age of sixty-six. This gentleman was well known not only for his scientific knowledge in regard to plants, but for his numerous experiments as to their growth. It is to him we owe the most beautiful horticultural publication in Europe, under the name of *Flore des Serres et des Jardins de l'Europe*—a work which appeared without interruption since 1845, embracing among its editors the names of many eminent botanists and horticulturists.

From the Forty-seventh Annual Report of the Council of the Zoological Society of London we learn that the total number of fellows and annual subscribers amounted to, in 1875, 3241; of corresponding members, to 3197. The income of the society for the year was greater even than that for 1874, which exceeded all previous experience, the Garden receipts amounting to £16,286. The total income from every source was over £28,738.

Some very large expenditures were undertaken during the year, the principal being that for the new lion house, costing nearly £7000. The total number of animals belonging to the society at the close of the year 1875 was 2205, the additions amounting to 1458. Among these was quite a large number of species not previously in the possession of the society.

Professor Bailey and Mr. Edward Jack, of New Brunswick, have recently published an illustrated catalogue of the display of that Province at the Centennial Exhibition. A large number of trees are mentioned in this report, many of them of much industrial importance, although the forests are rapidly diminishing on account of the demand for export to the United States and Europe. Among the minerals are ores of iron, copper, manganese, antimony, as also gypsum, bituminous shales, albertite, syenite, granite, and sandstones.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has dispatched Mr. Raffray for the purpose of exploring the Sunda Islands and New Guinea. He was to leave Toulon for Singapore on the 20th of July in a government vessel, from which point he will proceed by Batavia to Ternate and the island of Waigiou. The principal point of exploration will be the coast of the Hoopin country, on the south of Geelvincks Bay. The expedition will probably last two or three years.

The ninth annual report of the trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, presented in April of the present year, has been published, and gives an account of the additions to this extremely extensive and important collection.

Since the death of the lamented Professor Jeffries Wyman the museum has been under the charge of Professor F. W. Putnam, who has continued the cataloguing and arrangement begun by his predecessor, and brought the whole establishment to a condition of thorough efficiency.

Many valuable additions are recorded during the year, the most important, and, indeed, the largest, donation ever made to the museum being that from Peru and Bolivia, collected at the expense of Mr. Alexander Agassiz, and presented by him, embracing nearly six hundred specimens. These consist largely of objects from the ancient burial-places at Anton, Chancay, Pasagua, Pacasmayo, and the island of Titicaca.

The total number of additions to the museum amounts to over eleven hundred specimens.

The report as published contains a general index to the nine annual reports of the museum, which are arranged to form Volume I. of the collective series. It is accompanied by portraits of Mr. George Peabody and Professor Wyman.

Among the more interesting exhibitions at the Centennial is a collection of living woody plants exhibited by Mr. Thomas Meehan, of Germantown. These plants were all grown for a certain time in boxes, with special reference to their transplantation, and were inserted in the ground with balls of earth around them, so that they are now growing very vigorously. As this collection is for sale after the close of the Exhibition, it offers an excellent opportunity to any establishment in the United States that wishes to secure a collection of American plants of extraordinary completeness.

The United States is not the only country in which an International Exhibition is at present going on, one, on a smaller scale indeed, having been opened on the 26th of June at Brussels, under the patronage of the King and Queen of the Belgians. The exhibition is, however, a special one, devoted entirely to apparatus and methods used for life-saving, the idea being brought forward by a Belgian society which combines the functions of a Royal Humane Society, a Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, and a National Life-boat Institution all in one.

So far as reported, the greater proportion of the devices presented have relation to the treatment of the wounded in war, together with ambulances, litters, and medical appliances of various kinds, although methods for the protection of life in mines, preservation from shipwreck, the prevention and cure of diseases, etc., all find a place.

Mr. A. Brun, a Norwegian ethnologist resident at Drontheim, has been for many years occupied in bringing together a complete collection to illustrate the ethnology of the Lapps of Finland, spending a long time with these people, and securing specimens of every thing bearing upon their life and manners. Of these there are nearly five hundred, including lay figures, suitably dressed, representing the different social conditions, the sexes, ages, etc., of these interesting people. Stuffed specimens of the reindeer drawing a sledge, huts and tents of full size or in models, all the different articles of dress and ornament, domestic and household utensils, bread-making apparatus, traps and other methods of hunting and fishing, instruments used in their religious ceremonies, a collection of their books, etc., are all exhibited in this series.

The entire collection was brought over by Mr. Brun to Philadelphia for the purpose of exhibition at the Centennial; but on arriving he found that the space required was greater than could be furnished, and the series remains still packed, and will be probably before long returned to Europe. It is, however, very desirable that so extensive and interesting a museum should be retained in the United States, and Mr. Brun is willing to sell the collection at a reasonable price. Information on the subject can be obtained by addressing the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

"THE BROKEN HOOP."—[From a Painting by Robert Barnes.]

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE SQUARE.

It was a rainy afternoon when Cara reached the Square. It had been settled, against Miss Cherry's will, that she was to go alone. The girl, who was often "queer," especially when any thing connected with her natural home, her father's house, was in question, had requested that it should be so; and Miss Charity approved, to whose final decision every thing was submitted at Sunninghill. "Don't interfere with her," Miss Charity had said; "she is like her mother. She has a vein of caprice in her. You never could argue (if you remember) with poor Annie. You had either to give in to her, or to say no once for all, and stick to it. Cara is not like her mother all through—there are gleams of the Beresfords in her. But there is a vein of caprice, and I shouldn't cross her just at this crisis of her life."

"But I don't see why it should be such a crisis. It is a change of scene, to be sure, and leaving us ought to be a trial," said Miss Cherry, dubiously. The feeling within herself was that she would have been glad had she been more sure that this was a trial. Girls were ungrateful in their light-heartedness, and sometimes loved the risks of independence. "It is not as if she was going among strangers," said Miss Cherry. "She is going to her home, and to her father."

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"Then why must not I go with her?" said Miss Cherry. The old lady shrugged her shoulders, but said no more. And Cara got her way. As she was to go alone, she was packed, with all her belongings, into the carriage; nurse going with her, who was to help in the housekeeping, and take care of the young mistress of the old familiar house. The railway, it is true, would have carried them there in half the time; but Cara liked the preparation of the long, silent drive, and it pleased the elder ladies that their darling should make her solitary journey so to her father's house. The road led through beautiful royal parks more than once, and by glimpses of the pleasant river. It was like an old-fashioned expedition made in the days before railways, with full time for all the anticipations, all the dreams of what was to come. Though her mind was full of natural excitement and sadness, Cara could not help feeling herself like one of the heroines of Miss Austen's novels as she drove along. She had plenty of grave matters to think about, and was very much in earnest as to her life generally; yet, with the unconscious doubleness of youth, she could not help feeling only half herself, and half Elizabeth Burnet or Catherine Moreland going off into the world. But, indeed, without sharing the difficulties of these young ladies, Cara Beresford in her own person had no small problem before her. To fill the place of her mother, an accomplished woman, she who was only a girl; to make his home pleasant to her father; to set agoing once more something like family life. And she only seventeen, and so differently situated, she said to herself, from other girls! Had she not enough to think of? The trees and the bridges, the gleams of shining river, the great stretches of wooded country, all glided past her like things in a dream. It was they that were moving, not she. Nurse talked now and then; but nurse's talking did not disturb Cara; she knew by long experience just how to put in convenient ayes and noes, so as to keep the good woman going. And thus she went on, her head full of thoughts. Her difficulties were more grave than those which generally fall to the lot of so young a girl; but nevertheless, with the frivolity of youth, she could feel herself something like Catherine Moreland, hurrying along to Northanger Abbey, and all the wonders and mysteries there.

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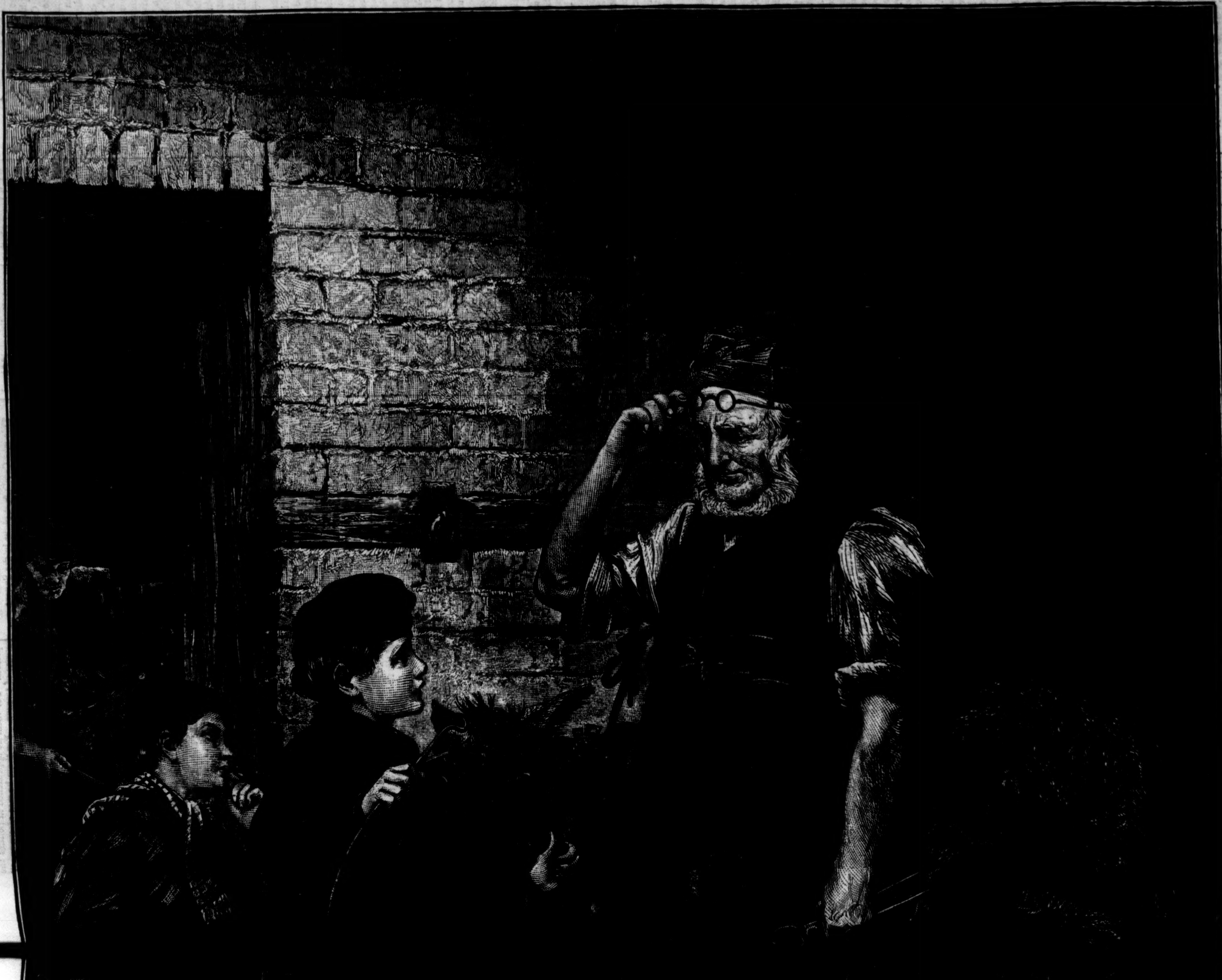
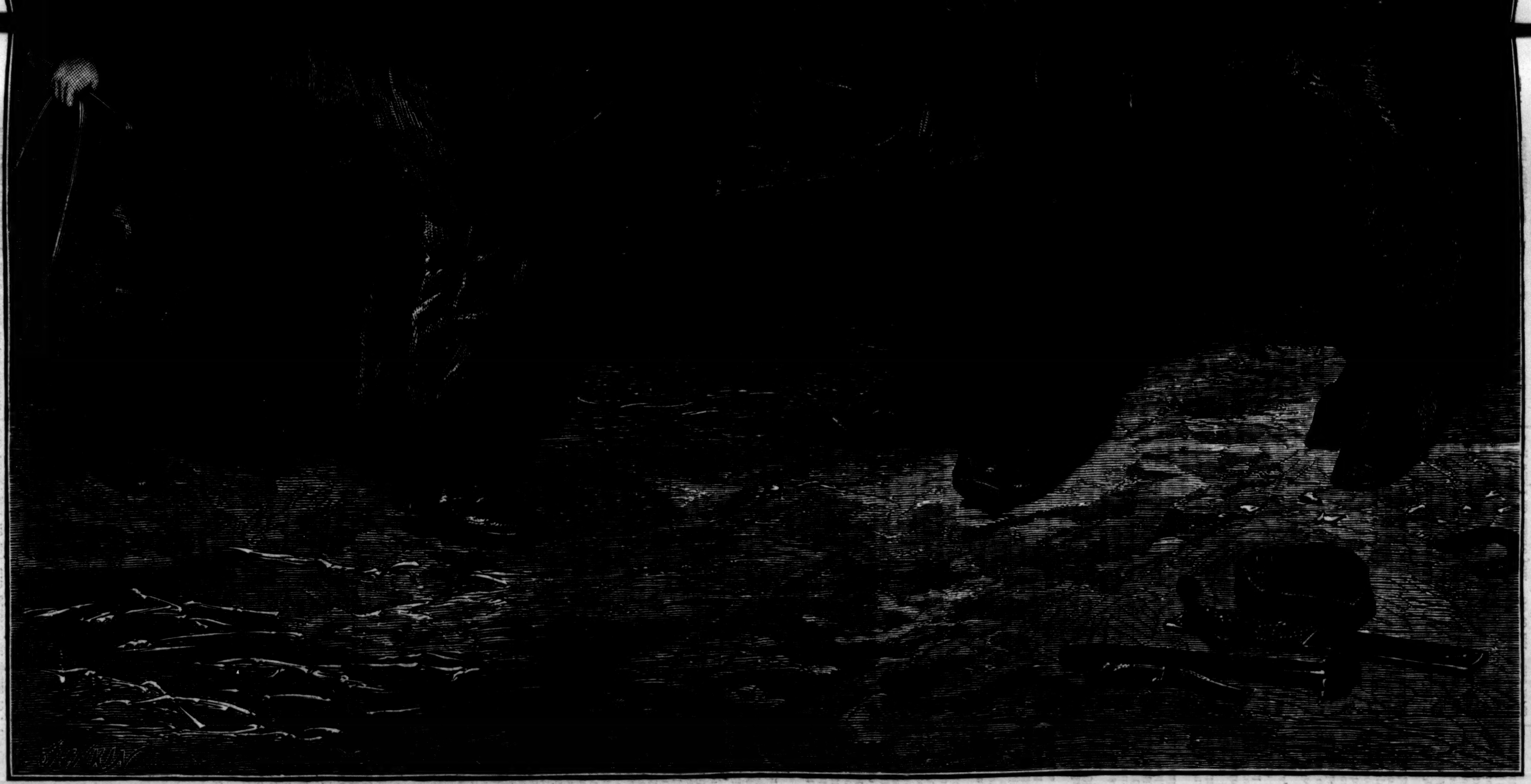
Then she went up with some shrinking, feeling like a sea-bather making the first plunge, into the drawing-room, which no one had used for the last five years. She was obliged to confess that it was very pretty, notwithstanding that it frightened her. She half expected some one to rise from the chair before the first newly lighted October fire to receive her as she went in. The little cabinets, the pretty brackets for the china, the scraps of old lace upon the velvet, the glimmer of old, dim, picturesque mirrors, the subdued yet brilliant color in the bits of tapestry, all moved her to admiration. At Sunninghill they had, as became a ladies' house, many pretty things, but with as little idea of art as it is possible in the present day to succeed in having. Miss Cherry knew nothing of art, and it had been invented, Miss Charity thought, since her days, which was the time when people liked having respectable furniture, and did not understand æsthetics. The graceful balance and harmony of this new old house gave Cara a new sensation of admiring pleasure; and yet she did not like it. It would be hard to tell what was the cause of that impression of the fictitious which prejudiced her mind—yet there it was. Her own mother—her dead mother—that visionary figure, half nurse, half goddess, which gives a quite visionary support and consolation to some motherless children, did not exist for Cara. She remembered how she had been sent off to the Hill when they went away to enjoy themselves, and how she had been sent off to the nursery when they sat talking to each other. It had been a happy home, and she had been petted and made much of by turns; but this was what she recollected most clearly. And then there rose up before her, intensified by distance, all that scene in her mother's room, which she had never confided to any one. She resented this mystery that was in the past, which returned and wrapped her in a kind of mist when she came back. Why had not her parents been straightforward people, with no mysteries such as Cara said to herself she hated? Why was there a skeleton in the cupboard? All the things she had read in books about this had made Cara angry, and it vexed her to the heart to feel and know there was one in her house. She had buried the secret so completely in her own bosom that it had made an aching spot all round it where it lay—like that bit of a garden which lies under a noxious shadow—like that bit of a field





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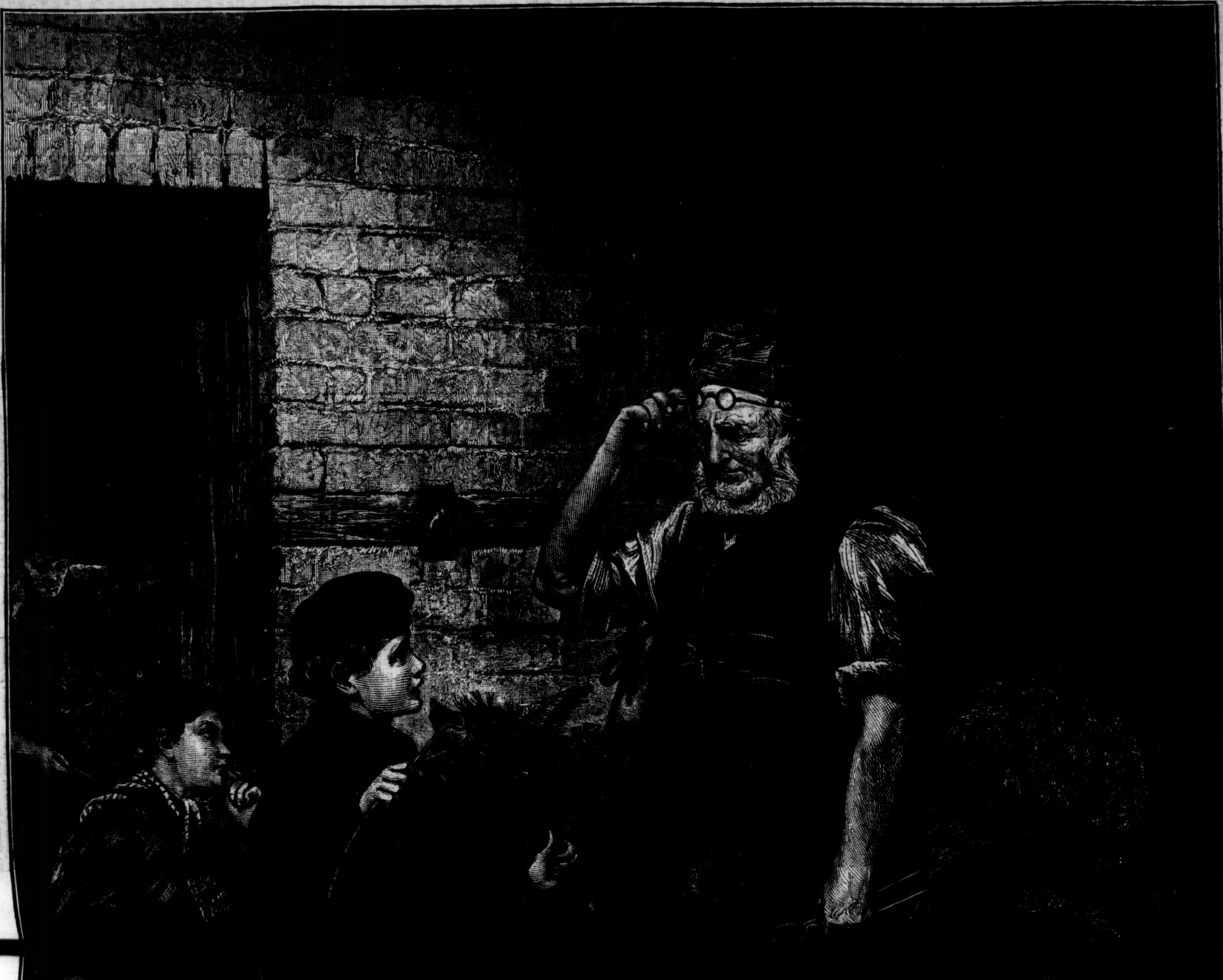

where a fire has been—was this place in her heart where her secret lay. She felt it in all its forms when she came home. At the Hill there were no secrets; they lived with their windows open and their hearts, fearing no sudden appearance, no discovery. But here it seemed that the old trouble had been waiting all these years, till the girl went back who alone knew all about it, the father's past and the mother's past; and even the atmosphere of the long-shut-up house felt pernicious. Cara did not like to look round her as it came to be dark, lest she see *some one* sitting in the corner in the shadow. It seemed to her more than once that somebody moved in the distance, going out or coming in, with a sweep of a long skirt, just disappearing as she looked up. This meant, I suppose, that her digestion was not so right as it should have been; but the digestion was not a thing which came within Cara's range of thought.

Her father arrived about half past six by the Continental train. Cara stood at the door of the drawing-room, with her heart beating, wondering if she ought to run down and embrace him, or if he would come to her. She heard him ask if she had come, and then he added, "I will go to my room at once, John. I suppose dinner is nearly ready. I did not expect to have been so late. Bring my things to my room."

"Shall I call Miss Cara, Sir?"

"No; never mind. I shall see her at dinner," he said.

And Cara instinctively closed the drawing-room door at which she had been standing as she heard him begin to come up the stairs. She stood there, with her heart beating, in case he should call her; but he did not. Then she too went to dress, with a chilled and stifled sensation, the first sense of repulse which she had ever experienced. When she was ready, she went back again very quickly and noiselessly, leaving the door open. By-and-by her father's step became audible coming down, and he paused when he got to the door, but then resumed, and went on again, sending her word that she would find him in the dining-room. It was unreasonable, the high swelling of offense and injured pride that she felt in her heart; but there it was. Was this how he meant to use her—her, his only child—now the mistress of his house? She went down, after an interval of proud and painful reluctance, a slim, girlish creature, in her white dress, her blue eyes somewhat strained and large, more opened than was consistent with perfect composure. She was not beautiful, like her mother. A certain visionary youthful severity was in her looks. She was different altogether, different in every way, from the pet and darling of the ladies at the Hill. Her father had not seen her since she had leaped into long dresses and young womanhood, and he was startled by the change. Involuntarily, as he looked at her, her mother's description of the child Cara came back to his mind. Perhaps he was all the more quick to notice this that his eye had been caught as he paused at the drawing-room door by the last purchase he had made in bric-à-brac, the Buen Retiro cup, of which his wife had said playfully that Cara would insist that he should tell the dealer the exact value before he bought it. This strange idea brought a half smile to his face, and yet his memories were so far from smiling. The cup had been broken to bits in the careless packing of that last journey home, when bric-à-brac had lost all interest in the gathering mists of suffering and despondency; and then afterward, in an interval of apparent improvement, had been carefully put together and placed on a shelf, high up, where its imperfections were not visible. It was the sight of it which had kept Beresford from going into the room. He would have made the effort for Cara's sake, he thought, but that this relic, so connected with the last chapter of all, had thrust that recollection upon him. He had never entered poor Annie's drawing-room since the week she died.

"Well, Cara, my dear, I am glad to see you," he said, putting his arm round his daughter and kissing her. "You must forgive me for not coming up stairs. How you have grown, or rather, you have become a young lady all at once. I don't know that you are much taller."

"No; I have not grown," said Cara. "I suppose the long dress makes a difference. It is that, I suppose."

"Yes," he said. "Sit down, my dear; dinner waits. I have had a long journey, and I want something. I never eat much when I am traveling. I came by Dieppe, which is a route I detest. Ah, I forgot. You have never been across the Channel yet, Cara."

"No."

They both recollected why—and that "the next expedition" after those long honey-mooning travels was to have been accompanied by "the child." Cara remembered this with a certain bitterness; her father merely with melancholy sentiment.

"Ah!" he said, vaguely, "we must mend that—some day. And how are the aunts? I can fancy that my sister looks just as she always did. She and I are at the age when people change little. But Aunt Charity; she is getting quite an old woman now—over seventy. Have you been dull in the country, Cara? or have they petted you so much that you will feel it dull to be here?"

He looked at her with a smile which lit up his whole face and touched her heart just a little; but the question touched something else than her heart—her pride and sense of importance.

"I was not dull," she said. "One is not dull when one has something to do—and is with those whom one loves."

"Ah!" he said, looking at her with a little curiosity, and then he smiled. "That is a better way of putting it, certainly," he added, after a pause.

Then there was a pause. John, behind Mr. Beresford's chair, who had been in the house when Cara was born, and who thought he knew his master thoroughly, had much ado not to interfere, to whisper some instructions in her father's ear as to how a child like this should be dealt with, or to breathe into Cara's an entreaty that she would humor her papa. He said to his wife afterward that to see them two sitting, pretending to eat their dinners, and never speaking, no more nor if they were images—or, when they did talk, talking like company—made him that he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels. How many hints our servants could give us if decorum permitted their interference! John felt himself a true friend of both parties, anxious to bring them as near to each other as they ought to be; but he knew that it would have been as much as his place was worth had he ventured to say any thing. So he stood regretfully, wistfully, behind backs and looked on. If he could but have caught Miss Cara's eye; but he did not, not even when, in the confusion of his feelings, he offered her mustard instead of sugar with her pudding. *Her* feelings were so confused also that she never noticed the mistake. Thus the dinner passed with nothing but the sparest company conversation. There were but these two in the world of their immediate family, therefore they had no safe neutral ground of brothers and sisters to talk about.

"Is your room comfortable?" Mr. Beresford said, when they had got through a comfortless meal. "If I had been here sooner I should have refurnished it; but you must do it yourself, Cara, and please your own taste."

"I don't think I have any taste," she said.

"Ah, well—perhaps it does not matter much; but the things that pleased you at ten will scarcely please you at seventeen. Seventeen are you? and *out*, I suppose? One might have been sure of that. Cherry would have no peace till she had you to go to parties with her."

"We very rarely go to parties," said Cara, with dignity. "Of course at seventeen one is grown up. One does not require parties to prove *that*."

He looked at her again, and this time laughed. "I am afraid you are very positive and very decided," he said. "I don't think it is necessary, my dear, to be so sure of every thing. You must not think I am finding fault."

Her heart swelled; what else could she think? She did not, however, appear angry, which evidently was impolitic, but shifted the subject to her father's recent travels, on which there was much to be said. "Are you going to the geographical meeting? Are they to have one expressly for you, like last year?" she said, not without a hidden meaning. This time he laughed.

"You know what they said last year? Of course there was no reason for it; for I am not an explorer, and discovered nothing; but how could I help it? No; there will be no meeting this time, thank Heaven."

And he saw that a faint little smile came upon Cara's lips. Instead of being delighted to see that her father had come to such honor, this little creature had thought it humbug. So it was; but it galled him to know that his daughter felt it to be so. Had she laughed out, and given him an account of the scene at the Hill; how Aunt Cherry had read the account out of the papers with such joy and pleasure; and Aunt Charity had wiped her spectacles and took the paper herself to read the record of his valiant deeds—the little family joke would have drawn them together, even if it had been half at his expense. But no man likes to feel that his claims to honor are judged coolly by his immediate belongings, and the little remark wounded him. This, he said to himself, was not the sort of sweet girl who would make the house once more a home to him. He let her go up stairs without saying any thing of his further intentions for the evening. And Cara felt that she had been unsuccessful in the key-note she had struck; though without blaming herself seriously, for, after all, it was he and not she who ought to have struck this key-note. She went up stairs in a little flutter of dissatisfaction with herself and him. But as soon as she had got up stairs, Cara, with true feminine instinct, began to make little overtures of reconciliation. She went round the room to see what could be done to make it more home-like. She lighted the candles on the mantel-piece, and placed some books uppermost on the table, about which she could talk to him. She was not fond of work in her own person, but she had read in good story-books that needle-work was one of the accessories to an ideal scene of domesticity; therefore she hunted up a piece of work and an oft-mislaid case with thimble and scissors, and placed them ready on a little table. Then she called John, softly, as he went up stairs, to ask him if her father took tea, or rather when he took tea, the possibility of leaving out that ceremonial altogether not having occurred to her.

"If you please, miss," said John, with a deprecating air, "master has had his cup of coffee, and he's gone out. I think he ain't gone no further than next door, and I'll make bold to say as he'll be back—soon," said John.

Cara went back to her chair without a word. Her heart beat high, her face grew crimson in spite of herself. She retreated to her seat and took up a book, and began to read at a furious pace. She did not very well know what it was about, but she had read a long chapter before John, going down stairs and then coming up again in a middle-aged, respectable butler's leisurely way, could place the little tea-tray on the table near her. There was but one cup. It was evident that she was expected to take this refreshment alone. She gave a little, good-humored nod at the man as he looked round with the comprehensive glance of his class, to see if any thing wanted removal, and went on reading. The book was about unconscious ambition, and other not highly intelligible things. Some of the phrases in it got entangled, like the straws and floating rubbish on a stream, with the touch of wild commotion in her mind, and so lived in her after this mood and a great many others had passed away. She went on reading till she had heard John go down and reach his own regions at the bottom of the stairs. Then she put the book down, and looked up, as if to meet the look of some one else who would understand her. Poor child! and there was no one there.

This was Cara's first night in the Square.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S FRIENDS IN THE REBELLION.

Ultramontanism in 1860 had reached its lasting triumph in New York. The city bent before the papal priesthood and the Roman Catholic Democracy. Its expenses were doubled or trebled. Messrs. **Wood**, **Brooks**, and all Tammany Hall grew rich and prosperous. The Church had only to ask for donations from the city officials, and the people's money flowed out without stint. But suddenly the crash of rebellion was heard approaching, and the foreign rulers of New York felt themselves in the presence of an enraged and irresistible nation. All the Roman Catholic leaders had declared themselves on the side of slavery, and **Sweeny** and **Connolly**, **John Mitchel**, **Sanders**, **Wood**, **Kelly**, **Tilden**, were the close friends of the chiefs of the Southern rebellion. Mr. **Fernando Wood** no doubt expressed the real feeling of all the ultramontanes when he declared aloud his active sympathy with the insurgents. It was the papal priests, his masters, who inspired him when he telegraphed to **Toombs**, of Georgia, his regret that he could not prevent the stopping of the sending of fire-arms to the South, or punish those who had seized them. He was eager to fill Charleston and Savannah with guns and bayonets to be used against the citizens of New York or Cincinnati. He thought it a horrible outrage to stop the shipment of arms to the order of Governor **Brown**, and he became ever after the chief leader of the ultramontanes. This was as late as January 24, 1861. And through all that perilous winter the ultramontane leaders plotted and intrigued with the maddest advocates of slavery. The fierce, intolerant spirit of the Charleston oligarchy found a natural ally in the overbearing policy of Jesuitism.

But the fall of Sumter struck down for a moment the whole ultramontane faction with an irresistible terror. For open treason they were not yet prepared. Of the power of the people they were suddenly become conscious. Priests and politicians yielded to the popular will, and even consented for the moment to join in the necessary measures of repression. A few Irish Catholics volunteered, perhaps in defiance of the wishes of their ultramontane leaders; but it appears that the whole number of persons of foreign birth who entered the army from New York city during the war was in all about 3000.[1] Of the immense number of immigrants who had found shelter in its midst from famine, servitude, despair, in the Old World, so small a proportion were willing to give their lives to its defense! Some latent influence had evidently restrained them, for it was plainly no want of courage. Nor was it long before the whole Roman Catholic population showed an extraordinary discontent with the action of the national government, and gave its vote with those who had expressed an open sympathy with the insurgents, and a resolution to save slavery at the cost of the republic. The disasters of 1861, the gloom of 1862, gave the opposition an access to political power. The enemies of the government found their chief support in the ultramontane population of New York. From 1862 Tammany Hall began to lift once more its shameless front. The Irish Catholic leaders began once more to defend slavery and plot against freedom. **Seymour** became Governor, forced into office by the ultramontane majority of the city. The city sent as its Representatives to Congress the bitterest opponents of the war for Union and freedom, the avowed friends of the Southern leaders. There was now no secret made of the tendencies of the papal editors and priests. The "Church" began to speak with authority by its servile instruments. Messrs. **Cox**, **Wood**, **Kernan**, and **Randall**, in the sessions of 1863–64, demanded a change of measures and submission to slavery. Every meeting of the Roman Catholic Democracy in New York teemed with treasonable utterances; and the Irish Catholic population of the city, who had so lately fled from their own blighted land to find ease and competence in New York, began now to murmur against the government, and, in the midst of its dangers, to add to the perils of the nation. They were filled with a fanatical hatred for the colored race. They were moved by some secret prompter. They crowded to the half-rebellious Democratic meetings.

It is in the midst of this new phase of the ultramontane movement that Mr. **Tilden** makes his appearance. At first he hung undecided upon the ruling of his party. He was the offspring of the Roman Catholic supremacy, and one of the earliest instruments of the papal priests. For a time he professed loyal sentiments. But he steadily shrank from all public support of the government. His name or voice was not heard at patriotic meetings, nor did he willingly lend aid to the Union administration. Some secret bond held him in check. He wavered as the ultramontane element changed its front. He obeyed his foreign masters. At last he is found in close sympathy with the promoters of peace meetings at the North, with the Roman Catholic clubs of New York, and the desperate agitators at Richmond. He clung to slavery with the tenacity of a **Cox**, and defended its perpetuation with the ardor of a **Davis** or a **Toombs**. In 1860 he was the champion of the insurgent theories, and in 1864 he was convinced that the war for the Union must fail. During all this obscure and yet active portion of his political career, Mr. **Tilden** evidently placed all his hopes of political preferment upon the support of the fallen slave-holders and the papal priests. For them he approached in politics the verge of treason. For them he was afterward to build up and perfect the rule of **Tweed** and **Sweeny**. His services to "the Church" were immense: he was the chief instrument in securing for it vast sums from the public Treasury; he placed its friends in high municipal offices; he opened the way to the wealth and aggrandizement of its members; ultramontanism flourished under his guidance, and in return "the Church" numbered him among those it was bound at least for a time to protect and aid. Like all its political followers, he grew extremely rich. He became in the West a railroad king. He is said to have given liberally to Roman Catholic churches and schools from his own wealth—he had already consecrated to them a large share of the public. But he was now so closely bound in the toils of the Roman Catholic and ultramontane party that all his conduct seems to have been marked by a certain instinct of fear. To offend "the Church" would be to him political ruin, perhaps something worse. From 1860 Mr. **Tilden** seems to have abandoned himself, with close servility, to the direction of the ultramontane faction.

The elections of 1862 came on amidst gloom and national dismay. The country, new to war and its vicissitudes, doubted the capacity of its leaders. **M'Clellan** still commanded on the Potomac; **Grant** was as yet comparatively unknown. The Roman Catholic Democracy of New York sprang up from its depression, nominated **Seymour** for Governor of the State, and denounced with unusual violence the policy of **Lincoln**. At a great meeting of the Democracy held in New York October 13, 1862, according to the accounts of the time, the greater part of the assembly were Irish. They amused themselves by singing "Garryowen" and "The Widow Machree." Cooper Institute had never gathered such a boisterous crowd, and among the vice-presidents were **Tilden**, **Kernan**, **Norton**, **Rynders**, **Connolly**, **Ottendorfer**, **Wood**. **Seymour** spoke, the victim evidently of a delusion. An Irish orator declaimed against abolition. The language of the speakers was comparatively moderate, but their purpose could not be mistaken. Too many Germans, as they have so often done, joined the ultramontanes. On the 30th they held a meeting, at which S. S. Cox, **Rynders**, **Gunther**, and others spoke, and **Ottendorfer** assailed **Sigel** and **Carl Schurz** because they stood fast by the Union and freedom. To shield and perpetuate slavery seemed the only aim of the Democratic leaders; of their ultramontane masters, to grow rich and great on the ruins of the republic. In 1876 another great meeting of the Roman Catholic Democracy has been held, and the Jesuits may well triumph in their positive success. The wealth of New York since 1862 has been poured into the lap of their Church. The nation has been impoverished, but the ruling sect has grown rich and powerful. The metropolis is still an ultramontane city. And once more, of the half-treasonable, half-rebellious assembly that met in 1862 to embarrass the government and demand the perpetuation of slavery, the chief promoters still figure at the meeting at Tammany Hall, and still are kept in power "by the solid, unbroken Catholic vote." In 1862 the chief actors in the meeting at Cooper Institute were **O'Conor**, **Tilden**, **Kernan**, **Tweed**, **Sweeny**, **Seymour**, **Rynders**, **Norton**, **Ottendorfer**, **Connolly**, and **Fernando Wood**. In 1876, at the recent meeting at Tammany Hall, nearly the same ominous names appear. **Tilden** is the ultramontane candidate for the Presidency. **Wood** is the leader of the "reformers" in Congress. The Irish orators are heard again. **Tweed** and **Sweeny** have been sent into transient exile, for the "Church" could no longer protect them—perhaps no longer desired it. But of the vice-presidents of the recent meeting the ultramontane complexion is perfectly discernible. **Daly**, **Brady**, **Brennan**, **Benjamin Wood**, **Kelly**, **Belmont**, and the leaders of Tammany Hall presided over the Irish Catholic assemblage, and incited their misguided audience to support men and measures fatal to the land that has made them free. For if the Ku-Klux Democracy rule in Congress in 1877, or Tammany Hall and the Roman Catholic leaders seize upon the national Treasury, the disasters of France may be repeated in America, and the republic sink before the intrigues of Jesuitism.

In 1862 it had nearly reached that consummation. The immense Roman Catholic population, so recently swelled by a sudden tide of emigration, was swayed by a deep discontent. Ignorant to an unusual degree, moved by foreign impulses and prejudices, the victims of an intense faith or superstition, they were an easy prey for political agitators, a centre of peril to the nation. Some generous and patriotic exceptions were found, some excellent Irish Roman Catholics proved by heroic deeds their devotion to freedom. But in general the ultramontane vote from New York to St. Louis was turned away from the defenders of the Union. Its Representatives in Congress were the Messrs. **Wood**, **Cox**, **Randall**, **Kernan**, **Ward**, **Chanler**. They assailed with increasing bitterness all the chief measures of the administration, and roused the fierce rage of their ignorant adherents against the innocent negro. "How," exclaimed Mr. S. S. Cox to an excited meeting in the Park, October 29, 1862, "would they like to see a black minister from Hayti received in Washington on a par with white ministers?" etc., and the audience cried out, "No, never." "The Republicans," said a leading New York journal, October 31, 1862, "mean to use the negro vote to crush out popery." The ignorant ultramontanes were misled by such coarse arts; the more intelligent yielded to the influence of the "Church," the examples of **Tilden**, **Seymour**, **O'Conor**, **Hendricks**, **Pendleton**, **Randall**; and in 1862 and 1863 a wild reaction swept over the Northern States that seemed to promise the revival of slavery, the triumph of the Confederates, and new accessions of power to the Papal Church.

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[1] I state this peculiar fact upon the authority of the military record.

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST, 1876.

Sunday,	27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	3.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	10.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	17.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday,	24.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.—St. Michael and All Angels.

Since the advent of summer weather the religious activities of the people of our country have been largely transferred to the assemblies and conventions held on the sea-shore or on islands and in groves. At Ocean Grove there has been a series of such meetings, all of them very full, beginning in July, and intended to continue until September. The first was a Convention of Baptists, which was followed by a Sunday-school Assembly. On Tuesday, August 1, a Temperance Convention began, which was attended by audiences estimated to range from 7000 to 10,000 persons. August 16 was the time fixed for the Methodist camp-meeting. During these conventions "surf meetings" have been held, chiefly for singing and Scripture reading, in which as many as 5000 persons have participated. At Fair Point, on Chautauqua Lake, the Scientific Congress was followed by the Sunday-school Assembly, which has now attained a national fame. The "Parliament" in the St. Lawrence River and the Convention near Chicago were of the same character, and attended in like manner by great numbers of the people.

The receipts of the American Bible Society for July were $36,526; the number of copies of Scripture issued was 46,792.

The *Christian Standard*, the principal organ of the Campbellites, or Disciples, revives the memory of the early career of **Sidney Rigdon**, once a Mormon leader, and recently deceased. To him is usually attributed the suggestion of that part of the Mormon imposture known as the Mormon Bible. The story is that a minister in Western Pennsylvania, by the name of **Spalding**, wrote an imaginative history of the fate of the ten tribes of Israel, in the style of the Old Testament. The manuscript was for some time, after the death of Mr. **Spalding**, left in a printing-office of Pittsburg, where **Rigdon** was employed as a compositor. He had been a Baptist, and had left the Baptists to unite with the Campbellites. He was for some time, says the *Standard*, "the associate of **Alexander Campbell** and **Walter Scott**. Mr. **Campbell**, however, never fully gave him his confidence, but looked on him as a man of restless ambition, who sought to conceal his real motive under an affected zeal for reformation." He became at an early period associated with **Smith** in Ohio, and was a conspicuous leader of the Mormons when they were settled at Nauvoo, Illinois. After the death of **Smith**, **Rigdon** aspired to the prophet's place, but failing, organized a seceding Church. Not prospering in this, he retired to Alleghany County, New York, where he lived to be eighty-four years of age. He was said by his neighbors to be extremely reticent in relation to his experiences among the Mormons.

The Rev. A. N. **Somerville**, of the Free Church of Scotland, whose extensive tour in India has been chronicled in this Intelligence, is now preaching in Canada to great numbers of people. He came to the Dominion as a delegate to the Canada Presbyterian Assembly. Mr. **Somerville** is now over seventy years of age, but preaches with great power.

The success of that form of Christian missions known as the "Medical Mission" is now an established fact. As a recent example it may be noted that Dr. W. **Carey**, of Edinburgh, opened a dispensary at Delhi, India, early in March of this year, and soon found his patients so numerous that he was compelled to enlarge his quarters. Dr. **Carey** is a member of the Baptist Mission. In connection with this fact, it may also be stated that the Religious Tract Society of London have issued a commentary in Hindustani. It is a translation of the well-known "Annotated Testament," and makes a volume of 535 octavo pages.

The one-hundred-and-thirty-third session of the British Wesleyan Conference began at Nottingham on July 26. Nine vacancies in the "Legal Hundred" were filled up. The Rev. **Alexander M'Aulay**, of Birmingham, was elected president by a plurality vote. The new president is described as a young man only forty-five years of age, and a liberal in politics. His election is indicative of a change in the temper of the British Wesleyan Conference.

Miss **Annie Macpherson** has undertaken for six years past the benevolent work of transporting orphan and friendless children from England to Canada. The Dominion government during the last year deputed four officers to visit the children and to report upon their condition. The report was very satisfactory. Between 1870 and 1876 over 2000 children have been taken to Canada by Miss **Macpherson**, placed in homes, where ninety-eight out of every hundred are doing well. This simple yet practical charity promises to grow to large dimensions.

Lord **Sandon**'s Education Bill, over which the supporters of the State Church and the Dissenters have fought energetically, was passed in the House of Commons, on August 5, by a vote of 119 to 46. The title of the bill is the "Elementary Education Act, 1876." It will go into operation on the 1st of January, 1877. Its object is to establish compulsory education. Its pith is contained in the following passages: "A person shall not, after the commencement of this act, take into his employment (except as hereinafter in this act is mentioned) any child (1) who is under ten years, or (2) who, being of the age of ten years or upward, has not obtained such certificate of his proficiency in reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic, or of previous due attendance at a public elementary school, as is in this act in that behalf mentioned." Most of the provisions of the bill, which is very carefully drawn, relate to the enforcement of the general purpose above described.

Rumors are noticed in the Catholic papers of the United States of an association in Rome formed for the purpose of taking the election of the Pope out of the hands of the cardinals. According to the London *Tablet*, the members of the association "invite Romans to unite for the purpose of claiming a right for the people and clergy of Rome to take part in the election of popes." The programme also proposes the election of priests by parishioners and the election of bishops by priests. In ancient times, when the Pope was in every sense the head of the city of Rome, he was chosen by the people. The papal papers charge the Italian government with being in sympathy with the scheme, but adduce no proof of the charge.

In London the following "Prayer Unions" are in existence: Army and Navy, Lawyers', Bankers', and the Civil Service. The last-named was organized four or five years since, and numbers between 200 and 300 members. It meets every Monday morning, and holds also a quarterly meeting. Sunday open-air services have lately been established in the London parks.

Monsignor **Roncetti**, whose visit to the United States will be remembered, has been made Archbishop of Seleucia, *in partibus*, and sent as papal internuncio to Brazil. The Pope has also issued a letter of instructions to the bishops of Brazil in relation to their trouble with the Masonic fraternities. He informs the bishops that all Catholics "who have unfortunately lent their names to those sects [of Masons] have incurred, *ipso facto*, the greater excommunication reserved to the Roman Pontiff." The Pope especially complains of lay interference with the administration of the Church in Brazil. "Laics," he says, "have not been made by Christ directors of Church affairs; but they for their advantage and salvation ought to be subject to their lawful pastors, and, according to the station of every one, should assist the clergy, but not meddle in those matters which were intrusted by Christ to the consecrated pastors." That is to say, in ruling the human spirit, the Church will admit of no rival power, and the clergy are the Church.

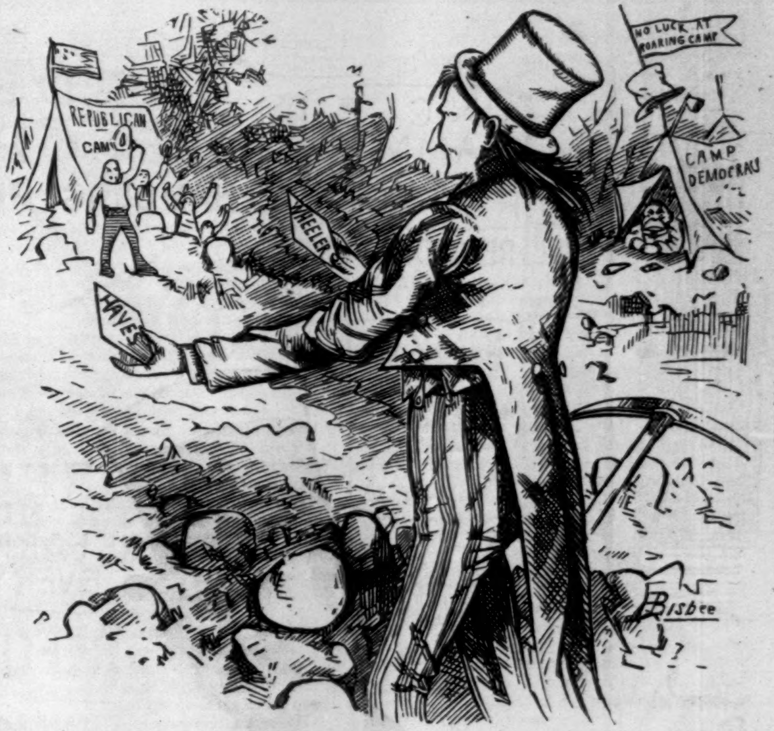
Among the notable signs of the times is a recent meeting of English bishops and leading Dissenting ministers at the house of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Among the Non-conformist ministers present were the Rev. Drs. **Allon**, **Aveling**, **Angus**, **Donald Fraser**, **Punshon**, **Rigg**, **Stoughton**, and **Newman Hall**. The object of the meeting was the consideration of the prevalence of irreligious thought in England. After an address by the archbishop, a free interchange of opinions took place.

The first vote on M. **Waddington**'s Education Bill in the French Senate was a tie, which threw it out. The subsequent vote of confidence in the ministry adopted by the Lower House was unanimous. M. **Waddington**, it is said, will bring forward his bill again next session.

A bill to repress the "abuses of the clergy" has been brought by the Italian ministry into the Chamber of Deputies. Its provisions are very stringent, and will inevitably result in a collision between the Church and the state. A minister of religion who disturbs "the public conscience or the peace of families" will be punished with fine and imprisonment. A minister who in a public discourse expressly censures, or by other public act outrages, the public laws or institutions of the state, will be fined and imprisoned. A like penalty will be visited on ministers of religion who shall exercise acts of external worship contrary to the regulations made by the government. They are also made liable for other offenses to the ordinary penalties, "augmented by a grade." The bill is said to have been drawn by Signor **Vigliani**, of the late ministry, which was less radical than the present one. It has created "a profound sensation of uneasiness" among the adherents of the papal party in Rome.

The Rev. J. S. **Fletcher** and the Rev. **James Stevenson**, who were sent from Dublin to this country to obtain funds to aid in the erection of Christian Union buildings in that city, made their report on the 14th of July. They procured $8000 of the $10,000 dollars for which they asked. The delegates spoke enthusiastically of their reception among us, and of the working of the Christian Associations in the United States. Mr. **Fletcher**, in his address, noticed the fact that "on every Sunday afternoon the Dean of Toronto (Dr. **Grassett**) has **Sankey**'s melodies" played on his chime of bells. The cost of the Dublin Union building will be £10,000, of which sum nearly all has been raised. The project of its erection has grown out of Mr. **Moody**'s visit to that city.

The "Public Worship Regulation Act" of England is not likely to remain a dead letter. In the case of "**Serjeant** and others against **Dale**," the rector of St. Peter's Vedast in London, judgment was given against the rector, with costs. The charges were that he "unlawfully used in his service lighted candles, vestments, and berretta; that he stood in the middle of the west side of the table, with his back to the people, during the prayer of consecration; that he knelt and bowed during the prayer; used wafer bread and the mixed chalice; that the elements were unduly elevated; that the sign of the cross was made in the air as the wafers were handed to the communicants; that the *Agnus Dei* was sung; that an acolyte held a cross on a pole while a curate read the Gospel held by another boy, and concluded by kissing the book." Lord **Penzance** has given judgment against the vicar of St. James, Hatcham, also accused of illegal practices. On some points of this case an appeal was taken to the Queen in Council.



REPUBLICAN DIAMONDS.

Uncle Sam. "Not a flaw in them, Gentlemen."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Said I to little brother Howard, "There! your toes are out of your stockings again; seems to me they wear out in a hurry." Giving a comical leer, he said, "Do you know why stockings wear out first at the toes?" "No." "Because toes *wiggle*, and heels don't."

A minister in one of his parochial visits met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, Sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

A lady who was suffering under a slight indisposition told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

A cool young gent, all of the modern days, entered a menagerie with a cigar in his mouth, when the proprietor politely requested the visitor not to teach the other monkeys bad habits. The young man proved himself equal to the occasion by producing his cigar-case and saying, "Try one."

They debate strange questions down East. The last was, "What is the difference between the Bridge of Sighs and the size of a bridge?" The next is to be, "The difference between a fac-simile and a sick family."

"What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman. "Oh, I'll sell it very cheap; I won't higgle about the price at all."

A few years since, at the celebration of an anniversary, a poor peddler who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following: "Here is health to poverty—it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

A gentleman who had married a second time indulged in recurring too often in conversation to the beauties and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. "Excuse me, madam," said he, "I can not help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." "Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself was one day upon the roof of a five-story building upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and, as he was descending toward the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, on an iron spout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, when he thus delivered himself: "I know'd it; there's a pair of shoes gone!"

Marriage has recently been defined as "a prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay some young woman's board."

"Speaking of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, from behind the steam that arose from her tea as a veil to her blushes when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; but, for my part, I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

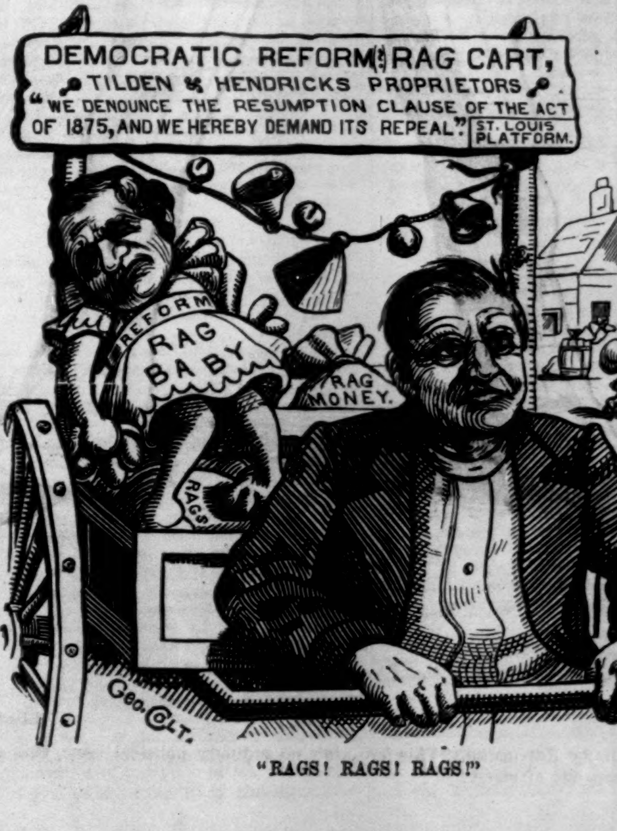
"I'll bet a sheep," said old Meredith to his better half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy; fur he's grinnin' at the plow, he's grinnin' at the barn, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes." "Pshaw! old man," said his wife, "you don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-letter!"

Call a lady "a chicken," and ten to one she is angry. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she is still angrier.

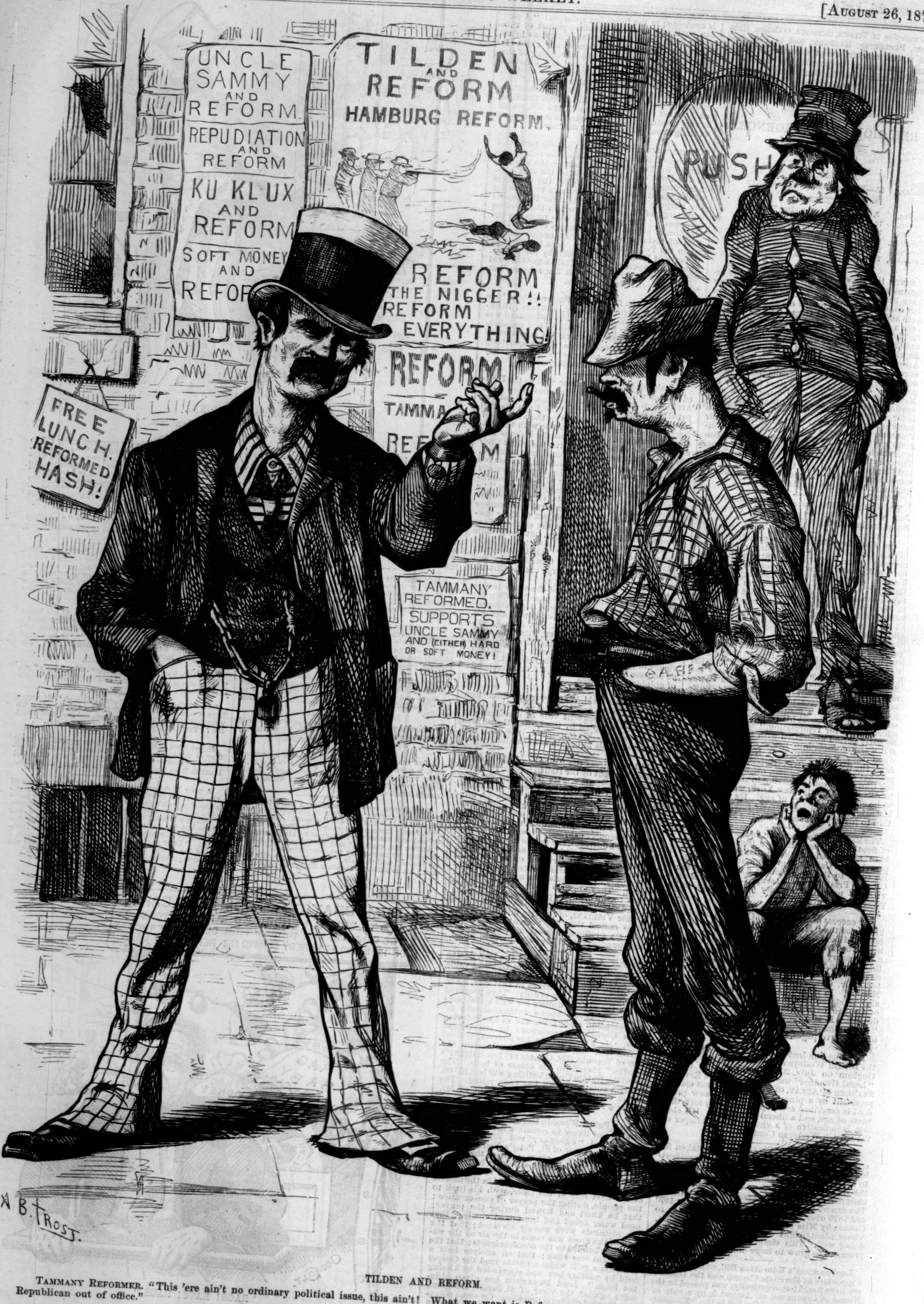
"Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it's gone don't he want another pound, and isn't that sweet too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

It has been said that ladies have generally a great fear of lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

A poor Irishman applied to one of the overseers of the poor for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial relief, he enforced his suit with much earnestness. "Och, yer honor," said he, "shure I'd be starved long since but for me cat." "But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator. "Me cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat! how so?" "Shure, yer honor, I sould her eleven times for sixpence a time, and she was always home before I could get there meself."

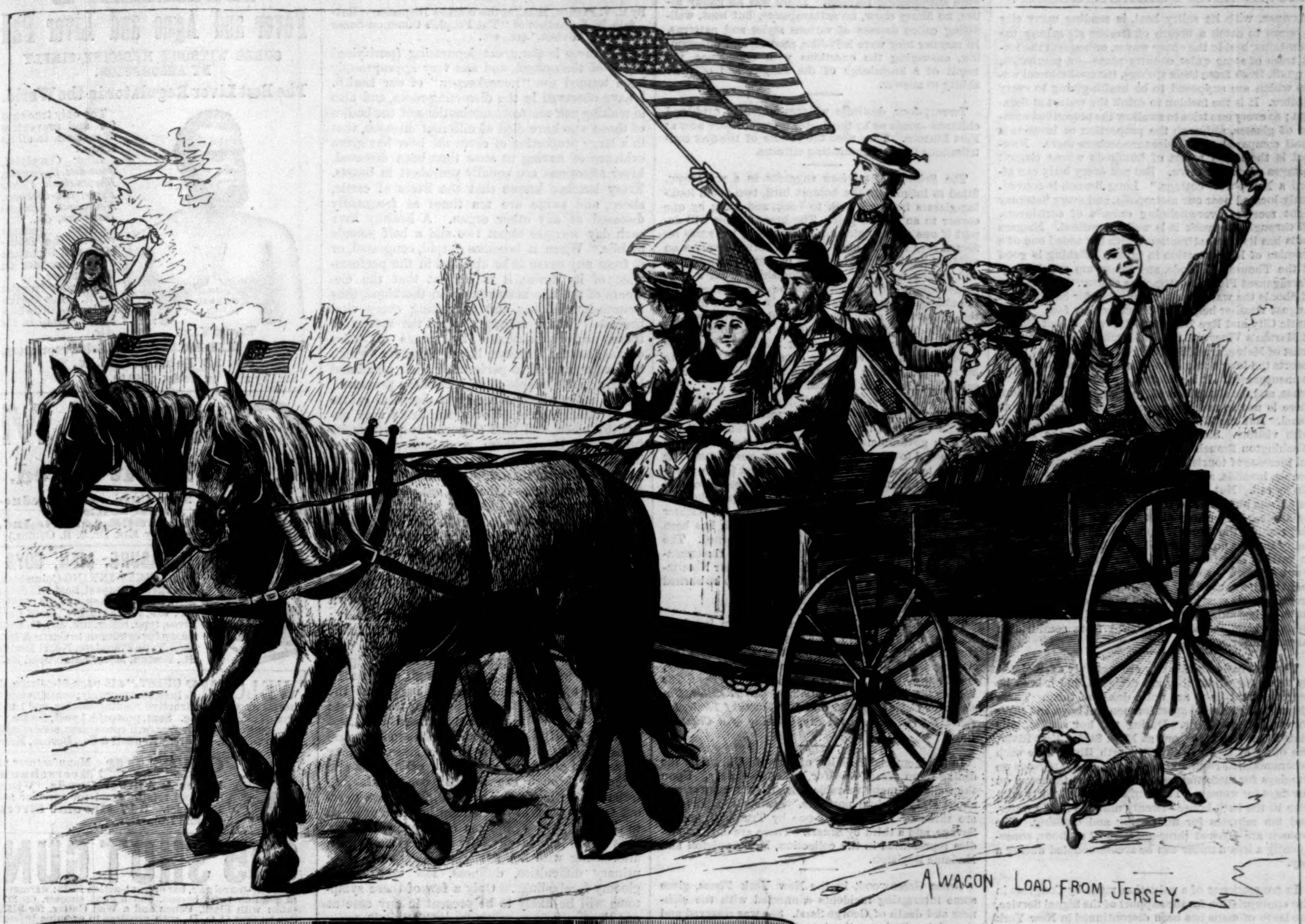

DEMOCRATIC REFORM(!) RAG CART,
TILDEN & HENDRICKS PROPRIETORS
"WE DENOUNCE THE RESUMPTION CLAUSE OF THE ACT OF 1875, AND WE HEREBY DEMAND ITS REPEAL." ST. LOUIS PLATFORM.
REFORM
RAG BABY
RAG MONEY.
RAGS
Geo. Colt.

"RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!"

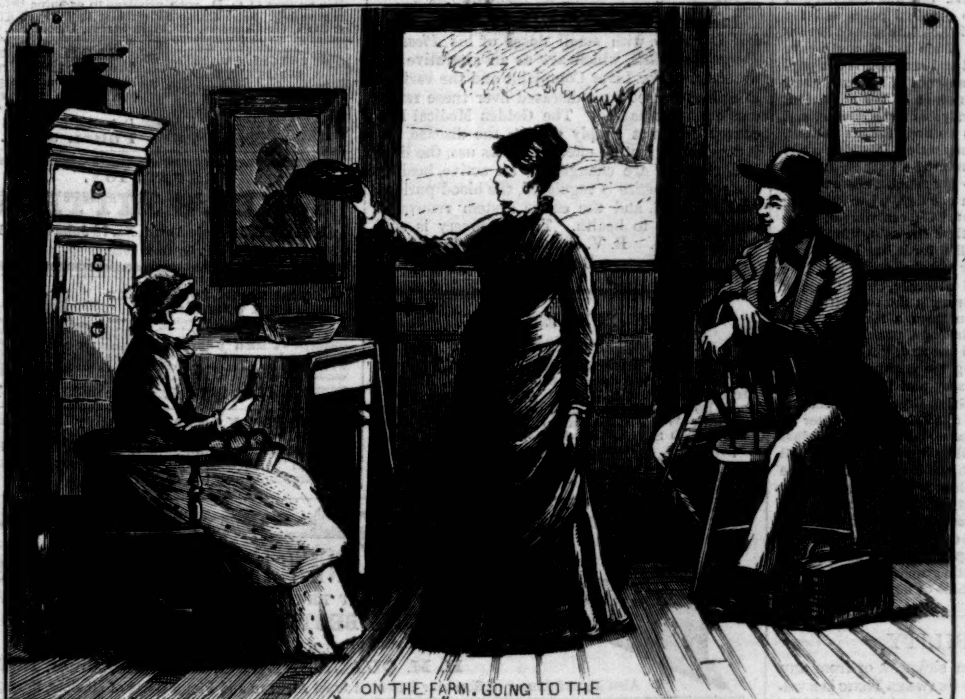

UNCLE SAMMY AND REFORM.
REPUDIATION AND REFORM
KU KLUX AND REFORM
SOFT MONEY AND REFOR
TILDEN AND REFORM
HAMBURG REFORM.
REFORM THE NIGGER!! REFORM EVERYTHING!
REFORM
TAMMA
REFORM
TAMMANY REFORMED. SUPPORTS UNCLE SAMMY AND (EITHER HARD OR SOFT MONEY!
FREE LUNCH. REFORMED HASH!
PUSH
A B. FROST.

TILDEN AND REFORM.

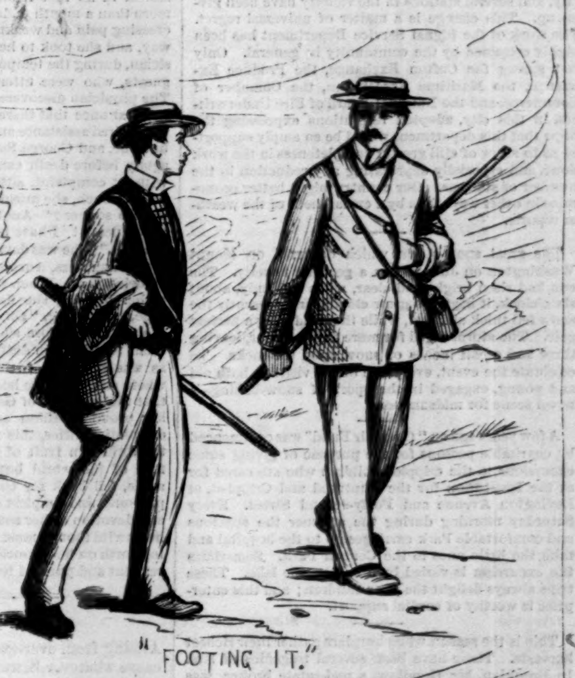
Tammany Reformer. "This 'ere ain't no ordinary political issue, this ain't! What we want is Reform, and we're a-goin' to have it, if we kick every Black Republican out of office."



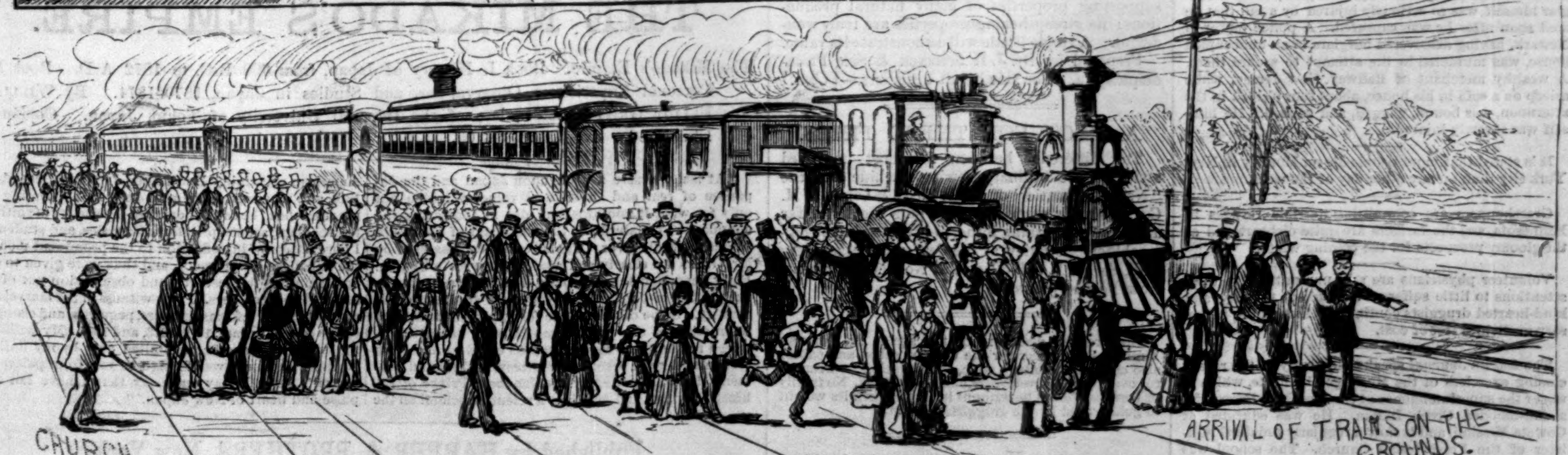
A WAGON LOAD FROM JERSEY.



"ON THE FARM. GOING TO THE CENTENNIAL" FOR A DAY.



"FOOTING IT."



ARRIVAL OF TRAINS ON THE GROUNDS.

THE CENTENNIAL—SKETCHES NEAR THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS—HOW THEY COME.—[See Page 692.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

August, with its sultry heat, is sending many city lingerers to catch a breath of fresher air among the mountains, beside the ocean waves, or beneath the forest trees of some quiet country place—or, perchance, to quaff, fresh from their springs, the cool mineral waters which are supposed to be health-giving to every imbiber. It is the fashion to drink the waters at Saratoga; so every one tries to swallow the prescribed number of glasses, although the proportion of invalids is small compared to the pleasure-seekers there. Newport is the lovely resort of hundreds whose elegant cottages adorn the town. But not every body can afford a Newport "cottage." Long Branch is conveniently located near our metropolis, and every Saturday night receives overwhelming crowds of surf-lovers. All through the week it is well patronized. Niagara Falls has its usual attractions, with the added one of a promise of less extortion in future. Fishing is good at the Thousand Islands, and fishers are multiplying. Narraganset Pier is as attractive as ever. At the Isles of Shoals the water has been too cold for bathing, but August weather helps that difficulty very fast. If Atlantic City and Rye Beach are too warm, Oak Bluffs, at Martha's Vineyard, and Old Orchard Beach, on the coast of Maine, are delightfully fresh. At each of these resorts the long ocean drive of some ten or more miles is unsurpassed. It is said that on account of the hard times, and the attractions of the Centennial Exhibition, there is not so much pleasure travel this summer as usual. But the White Mountain region is swarming with visitors. Since the completion of the Mount Washington Branch Railway there has been a wonderful increase of tourists in that section of country. Old people, invalids, and children now ascend the mountain by rail. Not long ago an old lady from Pennsylvania, one hundred and two years of age, accompanied by another lady nearly ninety, with a careful attendant, reached the Summit House as bright and fresh as many another not half as old. So, hither and thither, in various directions, the hot and tired populace go "out of town"—some really gaining rest and refreshment; others, unwisely choosing the place, only increasing their weariness by enduring personal discomforts, or becoming involved in a round of fashionable follies which should be banished from comfortable summer resorts.

The free baths in this city are certainly appreciated by those for whom they are designed, and it is to be regretted that there are not a dozen of them. Three alternate days are set apart for men and boys, and three for women and girls. During the hot season, it is stated that two baths, one at Fifth Street, East River, the other at Bethune Street, North River, have each accommodated from six to eight thousand persons on the days for men, and from one to three thousand on the days for women. The men are allowed thirty minutes in the bath-house—twenty minutes in the water, and ten minutes for undressing and dressing. The women are allowed three-quarters of an hour, consequently a less number can be accommodated during a day.

In consequence of a reduction made by Congress in the appropriation for the support of the Signal Service, the issue of maps has been discontinued in New York city, and several stations in the vicinity have been given up. This change is a matter of universal regret. The work of the Signal Service Department has been highly esteemed by the community in general. Only last spring the Cotton Exchange, the Produce Exchange, the Maritime Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and the National Board of Fire Underwriters, in this city, adopted resolutions expressing the hope that this department would be so amply supported as to allow of still greater completeness in the work done, and especially deprecating any reduction in the number of stations. Our country might better economize in other ways than by a curtailment of the weather reports.

The great snow-storm which occurred on Mount Washington on July 26 was a genuine novelty. The sun had risen bright and clear, when suddenly, about six o'clock, it began to grow cloudy, and presently the snow fell thick and fast, while the wind blew a perfect gale. The storm raged for more than an hour, leaving three and a half inches of snow upon the rocks. To celebrate the event, every one of the visitors, both old and young, engaged in the sport of snow-balling—a novel scene for midsummer.

A few years ago an "Open-air Fund" was commenced by charitable persons for the purpose of giving some excursions to the crippled children who are cared for at the Institution for the Ruptured and Crippled, at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street. Every Saturday morning during the summer the spacious and comfortable Park carriages go to the hospital and take the little ones to the Central Park. Sometimes the excursion is varied by a sail on the lake. These trips always delight the poor children; and this enterprise is worthy of cordial support.

This is the season when burglars gather their richest harvests. There have been several tragedies of late. In Brooklyn, Mr. Hondlow, a real-estate broker, was assaulted and nearly killed by a burglar; but the burglar himself was so seriously injured by a fall that he died soon after he was captured. A police officer in Newark, having discovered burglars in an unoccupied house, was murdered in the attempt to secure them. A wealthy merchant of Rahway, New Jersey, while asleep on a sofa in his house, about four o'clock in the afternoon, was bound, gagged, and robbed. He himself was severely injured.

It is stated that more people die on Monday in New York city than on any other day of the week.

Grasshoppers are committing terrible ravages in Minnesota, and the farmers are quite disheartened at the gloomy prospects for the coming winter.

Volunteer physicians are still unremitting in their attentions to little sufferers throughout the city, and kind-hearted druggists continue to furnish the necessary medicines free of cost.

The *Indian Journal* speaks pleasantly of the recent closing exercises of the Muskogee Institute, which is under the superintendence of the Rev. J. M. Perryman, a full-blooded Creek Indian. He was educated at Coweta Mission, and is now a regularly ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church. The school was opened by him three years ago, with an attendance of forty girls. The Creek National Council appropriated $2500 for the support of the forty pupils—about $60 each—to feed and clothe them a year. The neatness and taste displayed by the young Indians in their dress were encouraging features. There was no gaudy attire, no flimsy show, no extravagance, but neat, well-fitting calico dresses of various styles and patterns. In manner they were lady-like, modest, and unassuming, answering the questions with confidence, the result of a knowledge of the subject and of their ability to answer.

Twenty-four destitute widows and fifty orphaned children—made so by the Custer massacre—are now at Fort Lincoln. They need the results of the first contributions from sympathizing citizens.

The *Scientific American* suggests as a scarecrow, fitted to intimidate the boldest bird, two small looking-glasses fastened back to back, and hung by one corner to an elastic pole. The bravest crow will depart if one of the lightning flashes from the sun's reflected rays falls on him. Another terror involves an artificial hawk made from a big potato and long goose and turkey feathers. It is astonishing what a ferocious-looking bird of prey can be constructed from the above simple materials. It only remains to hang the object from a tall bent pole, and the wind will do the rest. The bird makes swoops and dashes in the most headlong and threatening manner. Even the most inquisitive of venerable hens has been known to hurry rapidly from its dangerous vicinity, while to small birds it carries unmixed dismay.

Not more than five hundred persons met at the Cremation Congress held in Dresden in June. All the German governments except Saxe-Gotha are said to be opposed to cremation. The Saxon government has refused to accept large sums bequeathed to the charitable institutions of Dresden by Professor Eberhard Richter because he had attached to the legacy the condition that his body should be burned. Dr. Richter died a few weeks ago, and his body, which has been embalmed, will be sent to Milan to be burned. The Minister of the Interior, who has forbidden the cremation to take place in Saxony, is the same Herr Nostitz-Wallwitz who allowed Lady Dilke's body to be burned at Dresden two years ago.

The *Publishers' Weekly* states that, from inquiries made of booksellers in all parts of the country, it is ascertained that the twelve most salable novels (excluding those of Bulwer, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and George Eliot) are *John Halifax, Jane Eyre, The Wooing O't, St. Elmo, One Summer, Scarlet Letter, Uncle Tom's Cabin, My Wife and I, Princess of Thule, Infelice, Barriers Burned Away, Opening of a Chestnut Burr."*

In the Memorial Building of Harvard University the dining-room serves also for a picture-gallery. Upon the walls are many valuable historic art treasures, and about sixty modern portraits. Among the portraits are three of Washington—one by Trumbull, one by Savage, and a third by Stuart. There are only two ladies represented in the collection, Mrs. Appleton and Madame Boylston.

Grace Greenwood, in the New York *Times*, gives some interesting incidents connected with the sickness and death of George Sand. She was reserved and stoical in all that related to physical pain, and for more than a month endured in absolute silence her increasing pain and weakness. Then her strength gave way, and she took to her bed and summoned her physician, during the temporary absence of her family and guests, who were utterly ignorant of her condition. The physician discovered paralysis of the bowels, and knew at once that there was no hope for his patient, but desired assistance and consultation. Nothing could be done, and George Sand endured a long eight days' agony before death came to her relief. She endured without complaint, although one day, when writhing on her couch, she moaned out, "Oh, can you not make me die sooner?" Another time she said, "My God! this is death! I have not called for it, but I do not regret life." She was devotedly attached to her two little granddaughters, Aurore and Gabrielle, the children of Maurice Sand. When they brought the two little girls to her bedside, she fixed on them a tender, earnest gaze, exclaiming, "Oh, my darlings, how I love you!" A short time before she died she said, "Above all, let them refrain from destroying the verdure," referring, as was supposed, to the grassy plot in the cemetery where she would be laid. Grace Greenwood remarks that the last days of George Sand show how, after all her proud rebellion and passionate protest against conventionalities, this mistaken woman, "finding all the forbidden fruit of which she had partaken in the face of the world but apples of discord and bitter ashes, fell back for consolation on the purest social pleasures and simplest domestic affections, on the love and devotion of her son and daughter, the children of her lawful though most unhappy marriage, and in pouring forth on her innocent little granddaughters all the refluent and purified tenderness of her soul."

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LIVER COMPLAINT.

By R. V. Pierce, M.D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

The Liver is the great depurating (purifying) organ of the system, and has very appropriately been termed the "housekeeper" of our health. I have observed in the dissecting-room, and also in making *post-mortem* examinations of the bodies of those who have died of different diseases, that in a large proportion of cases the liver has given evidence of having at *some* time been diseased. Liver affections are equally prevalent in beasts. Every butcher knows that the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine are ten times as frequently diseased as any other organ. A healthy liver each day secretes about two and a half pounds of bile. When it becomes torpid, congested, or if from any cause it be disabled in the performance of its duties, it is evident that the elements of the bile must remain in the blood, thus irritating, poisoning, and perverting every vital process. Nature attempts to rid the system of these noxious materials by means of other organs, as the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., which become overtaxed in performing their additional labor, and are unable to withstand the pressure.

The brain, which is the great electrical centre of all vitality, becomes over-stimulated with unhealthy blood, and fails to normally perform its functions. Hence there is dullness, headache, impairment of the memory, dizziness, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. When the blood is diseased the skin manifests discolored spots, pimples, blotches, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach and bowels, sooner or later, become affected, and constipation, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, or diarrhœa is the inevitable result.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart, a dry, teasing cough, sore throat, unsteady appetite, sour stomach, raising of the food, and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting, distress, heaviness, and a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pains and soreness through the bowels; constipation, alternating with diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities, rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs (especially at night) and chills, alternating with hot flashes; kidney and other urinary difficulties, dullness, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of these symptoms will be likely to be present in any case at one time.

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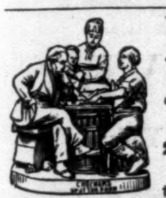

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June, 1876. Charles W. Felker, *Superintendent.*

From Report of the Committee on Schools, East Saginaw, Mich.

The instruction in English composition, as introduced into the intermediate grades, has removed a serious deficiency in our course of studies. The selection of Swinton's Language Lessons as a text-book for this branch of instruction is considered by your committee a very happy choice, and the good results accomplished during the past year must be largely ascribed to the excellence of this little book. By its help the study of rudiments of grammar has been made comparatively easy and attractive rather than otherwise. To judge by what has been done the past year, we are justified to expect that pupils who take a two years' course will acquire a fair degree of knowledge of the elements of the English grammar.

(Signed)
July 19, 1876. B. Hesse, H. W. Youmans, } *Committee on Schools.*

From Gelon W. West, *Clerk of Board of School Visitors, Rockville, Conn.*

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From A. R. Beal, *Supt. of Schools, Watertown, N. Y.*

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From the Committee on Course of Study, Detroit, Mich.

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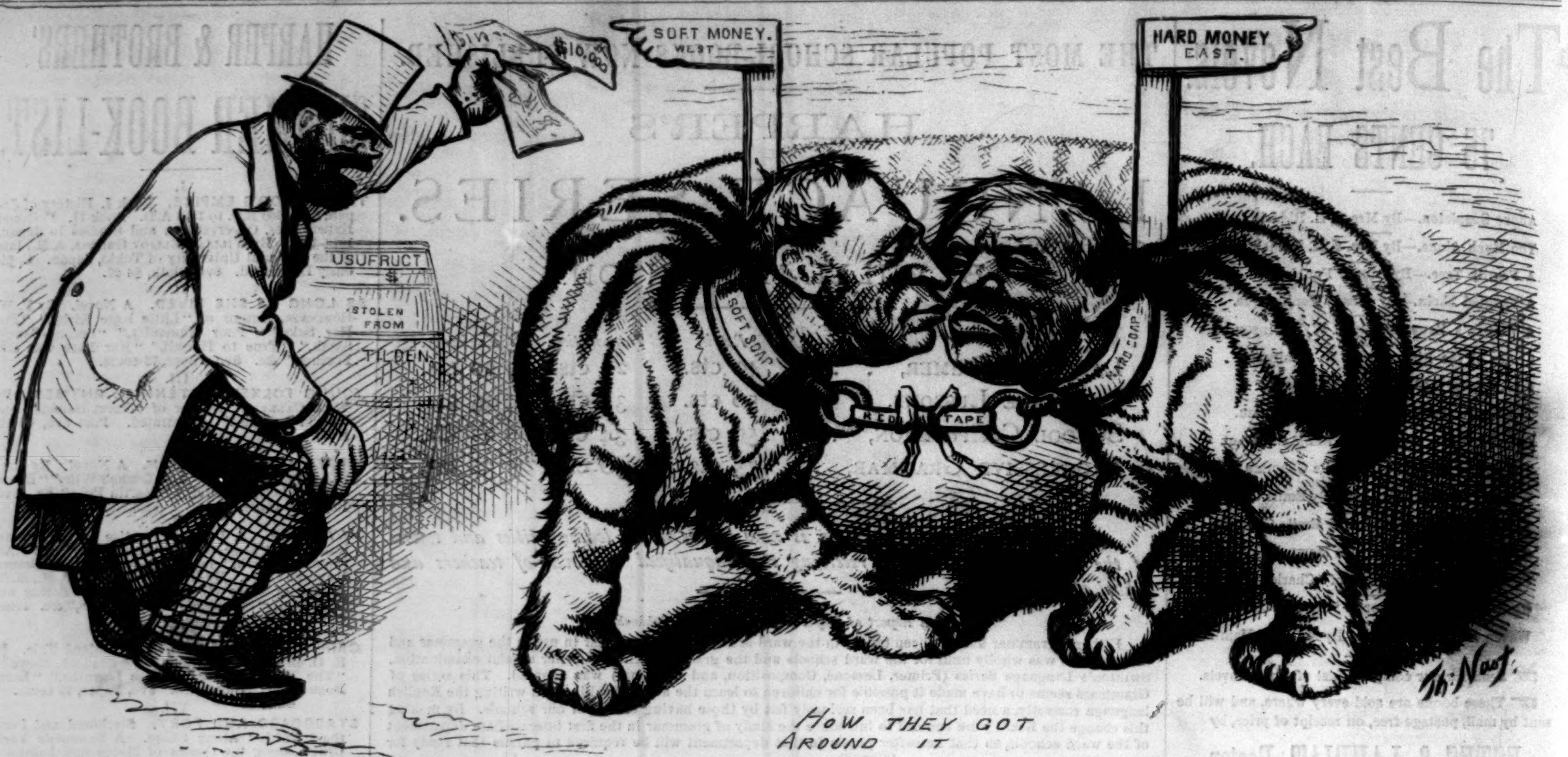

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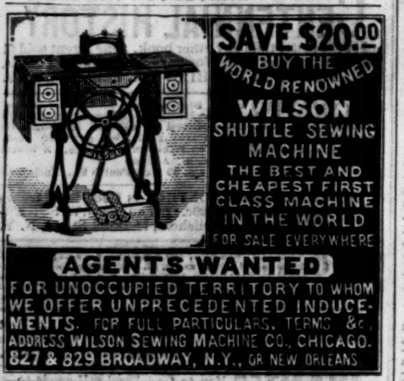
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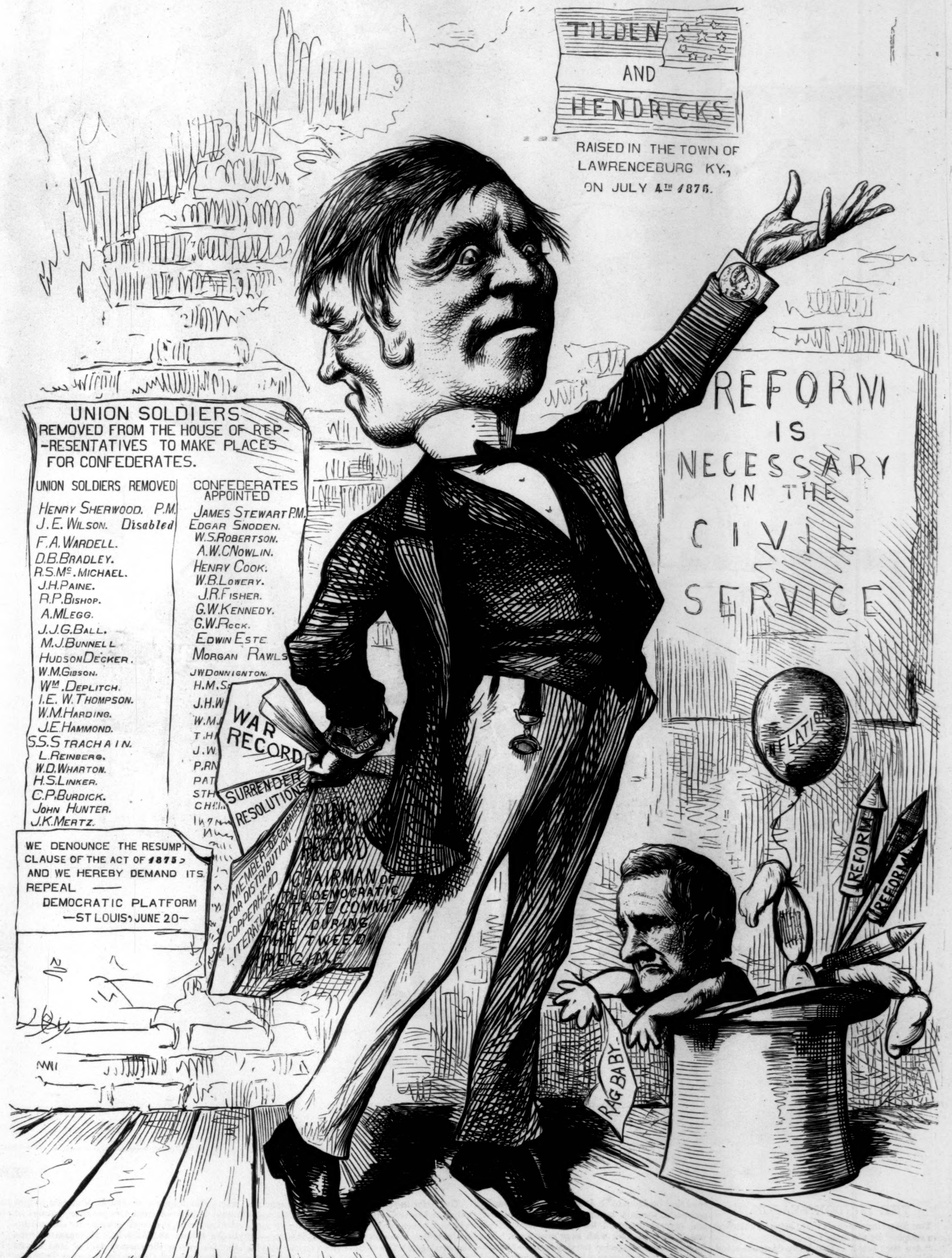
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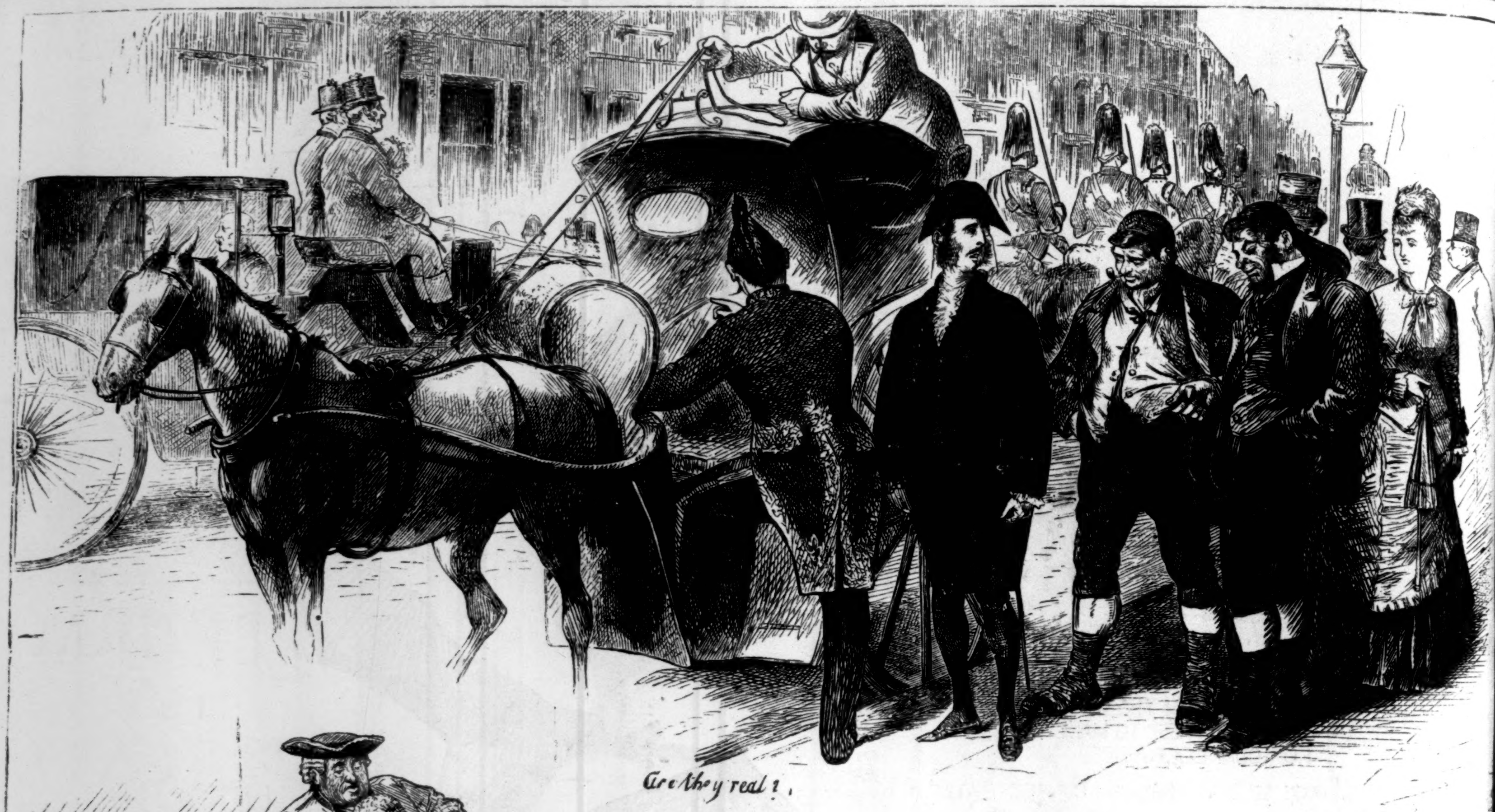

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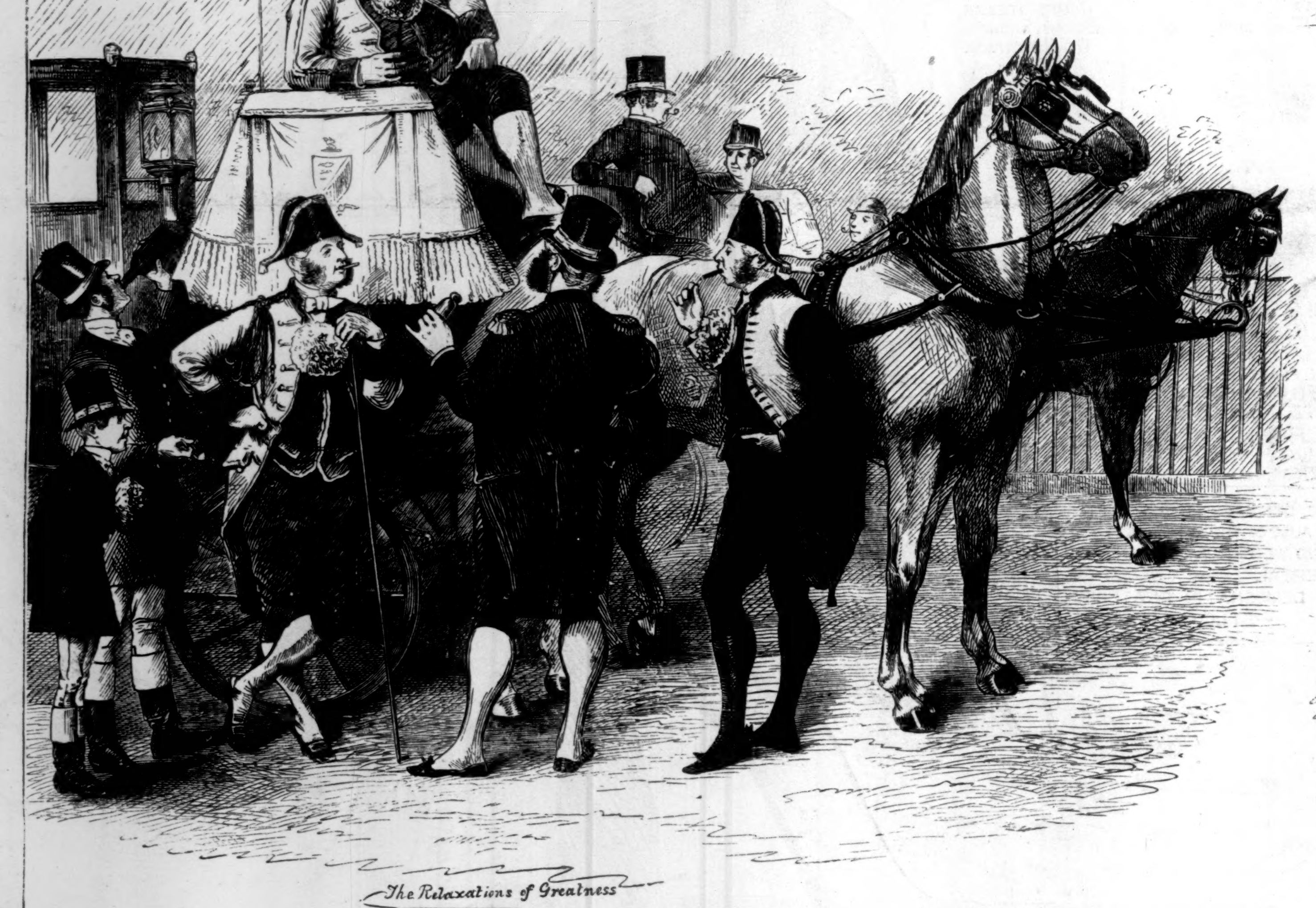

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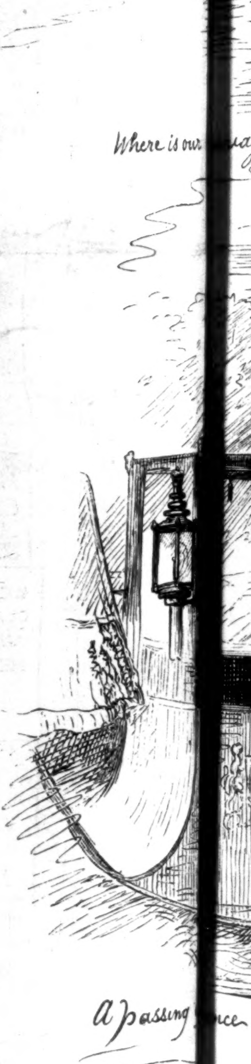

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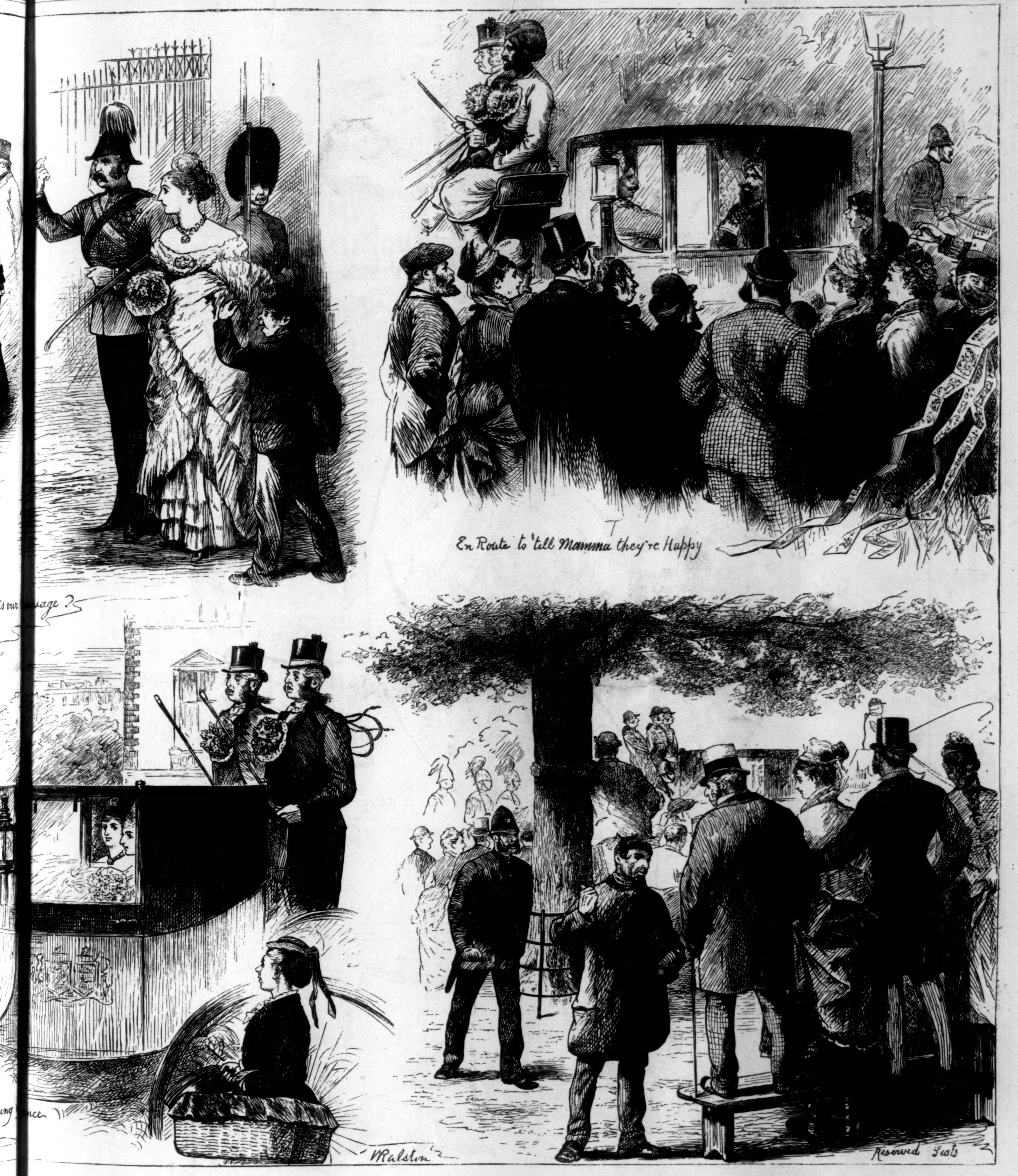

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uted extremely rude and

Ages tenegro belonged to kingd but after the dismem- latter its conquest by the the negrins, under their of t yal blood of Servia, inde ence. In 1466, how- eath o Albanian hero SCAN- ervian Albanians had both he do ion of Turkey, IVAN, HEN, of Montenegro, was n his ipal fortresses to the elf to refuge in the mount- heir litical chief abandon- the ment was transferred to the Vladika, or archbishop, who exercised secular power through a military chief attached to him. Some years later a portion of the Montenegrin population in the neighborhood of Cattaro sought the aid of Austria, and in the reign of PETER the Great, Montenegro placed herself under the protection of Russia, doing both these states good service in harassing their enemies, the Turks. But in the treaty of Sistowa, which took place in 1791, both these nations abandoned the little state to its fate. Yet in 1803 Montenegro again rendered important aid to Russia against the French, taking a prominent part in the attack on Ragusa, the capture of Curzola, and other achievements.

The arrangement under which Montenegro was governed by an ecclesiastical commander-in-chief, with a secular chief of the staff to advise him and direct the administration, lasted until the year 1830, when PETER PETROWITCH united the chief sacerdotal, political, and military functions in himself. PETER was succeeded by his nephew, DANIEL, who received his investiture at St. Petersburg, and continued throughout his life to draw an allowance from the Russian government, which has never been discontinued, and is now paid to Prince NIKITA. During the reign of DANIEL PETROWITCH, Montenegro, never long at peace with Turkey, was invaded by an army under OMAR PASHA, which, though it numbered not less than 56,000 men, made but little progress in the task assigned to it, that of completely subjugating the small principality. Apart from special and in some cases insurmountable obstacles, the whole territory of Montenegro is surmounted with natural defenses. It has been compared to "a stormy sea petrified," and behind its waves of stone the Montenegrin riflemen take positions from which it is nearly impossible to drive them. Nevertheless, they were hard pressed by OMAR PASHA, and but for the intervention of Russia and Austria, might have been finally overcome by the Turks. Once more, however, an arrangement was made with their persistent enemies, which lasted two years, when the war between Russia and Turkey, destined to involve half of Europe, broke out.

Meanwhile, however, Montenegro had undergone an internal change of some importance. In April of 1854 the people finally rebelled against the government of the Prince-Bishop, or Vladika. This was the period when, in the words of the late Emperor of Austria, "the whole world was turning foolish, and calling out for constitutions." He accordingly granted a charter, by which Montenegro ceased to be governed by a prelate, and became an ordinary state, with a secular prince at its head. At the same epoch a Montenegrin code was drawn up and published. It has the advantage of not being elaborate, consisting, indeed, of only sixteen octavo pages. One of its articles on the subject of national defense sets forth that, "If any man behaves as a coward, he shall be deprived of his arms, and never again will he, as long as he lives, be allowed to bear them, or to receive any mark of respect. A wom-